TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

VOL. LII. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1884 NO. 24.

Poetry.

THE BALLAD OF ORIANA.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

My heart is wasted with my woe,
Oriana.
There is no rest for me below,
Oriana.
When the long dun wolds are ribbed with snow,
And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow,
Oriana.
Alone I wander to and fro,
Oriana.

Ere the light on dark was growing,
Oriana,
At midnight the cock was crowing,
Oriana;
Winds were blowing, waters flowing,
We heard the steeds to battle going,
Oriana.
Aloud the bellow bugle blowing,
Oriana.

In the yew-wood black as night,
Oriana,
Ere I rode into the fight,
Oriana,
While blissful tears blinded my sight
By star-shine and by moonlight,
Oriana,
I to thee my troth did plight,
Oriana.

She stood upon the castle wall,
Oriana:
She watch'd my crest among them all,
Oriana,
She saw me fight, she heard me call,
When forth there stept a foeman tall,
Oriana,
Atween me and the castle wall,
Oriana.

The bitter arrow went aside,
Oriana:
The false, false arrow went aside,
Oriana:
The damned arrow glanced aside,
And pierced my heart, my love, my bride,
Oriana,
Thy heart, my life, my love, my bride,
Oriana!

Oh! narrow, narrow, was the space,
Oriana,
Loud, loud rung out the bugle's brays,
Oriana,
Oh! deathful stabs were dealt apace,
The battle deeper'd in its place,
Oriana:
But I was down upon my face,
Oriana.

They should have stabb'd me where I lay,
Oriana!
How could I rise and come away,
Oriana?
How could I look upon the day?
They should have stabb'd me where I lay,
Oriana—
They should have trod me into clay,
Oriana.

O breaking heart that will not break,
Oriana!
O pale, pale face so sweet and meek,
Oriana!
Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak,
And then the tears run down my cheek,
Oriana:
What wanton treat, whom dost thou seek,
Oriana?

I cry aloud; none hear my cries,
Oriana,
Thou comest athwart me and the skies,
Oriana.
I feel the tears of blood arise
Up from my heart unto my eyes,
Oriana,
Within thy heart my arrow lies,
Oriana.

cursed hand! O cursed blow!
Oriana!
O happy thou that liest low,
Oriana!
All night the silence seems to flow
Beside me in my utter woe,
Oriana,
A weary, weary way I go,
Oriana.

When Norland winds pipe down the sea,
Oriana,
I walk, I dare not think of thee,
Oriana.
Thou liest beneath the greenwood tree,
I dare not die and come to thee,
Oriana,
I hear the roaring of the sea,
Oriana.

Our Story Teller.

Written Expressly for the Blade.

COURT AND CAMP;

OR

The Days of "Good Queen Anne."

BY ERNEST WARREN.

Author of "Throne and Scaffold," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DELIVER, OR DEATH.

Charteris, though he had escaped from the peril of the burning inn, was by no means out of danger.

As far as he could judge the time, it yet wanted four or five hours of day break. The night was dark as pitch, he was in a strange country with naught to guide him and with the certain knowledge that he was in close proximity to the enemy's lines.

The air was cold, keen and bleak, the ground was wet and sodden, the moisture dripped from the tree branches with mournful cadence upon the sloppy road and all around was black and dreary.

To add to the unpleasantness of the situation, the spot at which he had reined in "Incognita" was at the bifurcation of two roads and he had no possible means of ascertaining, save by actual experiment, which was the one he should follow.

Dismounting to ease the panting mare of his weight, he threw the bridle over his arm and walked cautiously a few steps into the darkness.

It was impossible to distinguish anything more than a few yards ahead so thick was the night, till suddenly the gusty wind drove aside the scudding, murky clouds and suffered a few watery rays of moonlight to glitter on the tree trunks, shining with moisture, and the puddles in the roadway.

This he saw and then raising his eyes he found himself confronted by the figure of a soldier, hatless but still in uniform.

With a cry of surprise he snatched the pistols from his holsters and challenged the figure, but no answer was returned save the evil croak of some evil bird as with heavy flapping wings it tore suddenly into the night air.

Still the figure remained motionless, save that as the wind swayed through the trees it slowly swayed in the flickering moonlight.

The man was dead. He hung suspended by a short rope from a projecting branch, but with his feet so near to the ground as to give in the feeble light the impression that he stood by the roadside.

Ned drew closer and looked again. The fellow was habited in the uniform of the British army, and by his appearance could only have met his doom a few short hours before.

But even this discovery revealed nothing with any degree of certainty.

He might have been executed by the Provost Marshal for some breach of discipline, some infringement of orders, some disobedience to his commanding officer as a lesson to his companions, or he might have been found straggling from the line of march by the enemy and have been immediately strung up as a spy.

Still on the whole, as this latter theory seemed the more probable Ned decided to take the other turning rather than that which led to the swaying corpse. So retracing his steps for the few yards he had ventured he took the road to the right and wearily plodded along through mud and mire with no companion save the faithful mare, who seemed thoroughly cognizant that she was on a service of danger and expressed her sympathy with her master by now and again rubbing her nose against his shoulder.

Oh, how eagerly Ned Charteris longed for the first gleams of daylight in the East! How slowly the weary hours sped by! Again and again he scanned the horizon and when at last the first roseate gleam of day tinged the towering clouds, it was with a fervent "Thank God" he jumped into the saddle and still keeping Incognita on a walk, for he knew not at what moment her speed might mean life or death to him he continued along the track, which he noted had quite recently been crossed by foot and horse, as well as by heavy artillery. But was the force ahead of him that of friend or foe? He had no means of knowing.

Just as the first rays of the sun gleamed across the ashen gray landscape a sudden bend in the road brought Charteris unexpectedly to the side of a broad, rapid, but silently flowing river, a mighty stream swollen by falling rains and melting snows, which rolled onward with unruffled surface, but impetuous force.

The road which he had followed through the night now wound along by the river side, following the windings and turnings of the Meuse (for Ned had sufficient knowledge of his whereabouts to be sure it could be no other river), and though not without some misgivings, Charteris pursued his way, watching warily for any sign which might reveal to him any lurking peril or hidden danger.

It was an awkward place in which to encounter an enemy; the road was narrow, edged on the right by the rapidly rolling river, while on the left a steep—in places almost perpendicular—bank covered with a thick and almost impassable growth of brier bramble and brushwood rendered escape in that direction next to an impossibility.

"There will be no choice but to fight for it should we meet a foe, Incognita," he said, as leaning forward in the saddle he gently patted the mare's neck.

Even as he did so from behind him and judging by the sound, along the very road he had just traversed, came a sound which smote upon his ears and caused the pulses of his heart to throb faster than was their wont.

It was a French bugle call sounding the assembly.

"If they are behind me I have no choice but to push forward," he muttered; as he urged Incognita to a canter, hurrying to get round the next bend the track made in following the course the Meuse in order that those behind him might not spy him from afar.

But flying one peril was but to encounter another. As he wheeled round a jutting rock which formed the turning point, he found himself face to face at less than a hundred yards distance, with a small reconnoitering party of ten mounted troopers, led by an officer whose glittering uniform and breast decorated with stars and medals bespoke him of high rank.

A second glance sufficed to show him that this officer was none other than the man, who, disguised a few hours before, had unsuccessfully attempted at the Auberge to provoke a quarrel and a duel.

Ned's heart, for a moment, sank within him, not from any personal fear but from the certainty that this man of the white mostache knew his errand, and dead or alive would tear from him the precious dispatches he carried in his bosom.

The recognition was mutual, and it was with a cry of pleased self-satisfaction that the officer touched his charger with the spurs and put himself some length in advance of his troop.

"Aha! chicken heart!" he chimed tauntingly, "so you have run your head into the fox's hole!"

Ned dropped the bridle on to Incognita's neck, who at a word from him had halted dead as if carved in marble, and snatching his pistols from the holsters, waited, with one in each hand, the nearer approach of his challenger.

"Oh, white liver," continued the officer, drawing his sword. "Can you use your pistols, after all? Fire if you dare, but remember there are those behind who will avenge my fall."

Ned's blood boiled at these taunts and yet he dared neither to reply by word or shot, for his first duty was to guard the important papers, of which he was the bearer and this he could not do by force. His only hope was stratagem.

"Come, sir," cried he of the white mustache haughtily, and abandoning his bantering voice, "come, sir, I have no time to waste. Give me the papers you carry there, if you value your miserable life, take it and get you gone. It is not worth powder or steel. Surrender!"

"Not while I draw breath," answered Charteris.

The officer advanced a few paces nearer, signing to his followers to draw across the road, so as to make it impossible for the young Englishman to force his way through them.

Ned Charteris was indeed in a sore strait, with the enemy facing him, the enemy in force behind him, a deep, fast-rolling flood on one hand, a steep, inaccessible rocky bank upon the other.

There was but one possibility of escape, and that to desperate it was but a degree removed from suicide.

"Deliver—or Death!" cried the leader.

"Neither!" shouted Charteris, and quick as thought he raised his pistol and discharged it point blank at the officer, who reeled in his saddle and fell heavily to the ground, as Ned without a second's hesitation plunged the spurs deep into "Incognita's" quivering flanks and forced her to leap with a terrific plunge into the cold, deep, murky waters of the rolling Meuse.

Down, down, they sank together, with the flood surging and bubbling over their heads; but quick as thought, Charteris slipped from the saddle, but retaining a firm grip upon the mare's mane, rose presently to the surface with "Incognita's" bulk between him and the excited troopers on the bank, who discharged their carbines with such hasty and indifferent aim, that though the bullets splashed the water around them they were not struck.

"A thousand francs for the Englishman, dead or alive," cried the white-moustached officer, who had risen from the ground and was leaning against a rock, his handkerchief pressed tightly to his breast.

Quick the fierce, sullen tide bore them onward, man and beast; on, still on, with the icy water beating against them and the French troopers riding alongside on the bank, ever and anon discharging their weapons as quickly as they could load them.

It was with a great cry of grief that Ned felt the mare shudder and quiver as a ball struck her on the shoulder and saw a crimson stream from the poor thing's wound dye the muddy waters of the Meuse, and still the tide bore them on with but little exertion on the part of man or mare, but the cold was rapidly numbing both, and now and again some fierce eddy would draw them down beneath the surface to cast them up once more, puffing and exhausted.

Presently the firing ceased, and Ned, raising himself as well as he was able by the aid of "Igcognita," hoping to see that his pursuers had wearied of the chase, saw, to his horror, that they were galloping across a narrow neck of land, round which the river made circuitous course in such a way as to obtain position whence to take long and steady aim as the tide bore him towards them.

Then Ned Charteris gave himself up for lost. It was impossible to escape, for the resistless river was bearing him rapidly into the very jaws of death.

Murmuring a silent prayer, Ned gave himself up for lost, but at the very moment when he believed the death ball would pierce his brain, a loud and prolonged discharge of musketry from the opposite bank of the river, roused hope once more within his heart

A British picket on outpost duty had seen the French troopers and taking up position on the opposite side of the Meuse, had opened fire and that with such deadly effect that at the first discharge three saddles were emptied.

The French returned the fire and a skirmish raged between the opposing forces, divided by the river, in the excitement and amidst the smoke of which the rapid current swept Ned Charteris, still clinging to "Incognita's" mane, past those who sought his death as the means whereby to obtain the precious dispatches, unnoticed and unperceived.

The escape was little short of miraculous, but though the great danger was removed, it seemed as if it were but to substitute a death by drowning for a death by gunpowder. So fierce and rapid was the silent tide that to effect a landing on either side seemed hopeless, but here again Fortune befriended the brave young hero and his four-legged companion.

A long, narrow, sandy spit stretched far out into the river on the side upon which the allied forces were presumably encamped. Ned saw it, and hailed it as the sign of salvation. "Incognita" saw it, as she raised her head with wide distended, quivering nostrils, and despite her wound, despite she was well-nigh exhausted, strained every nerve and muscle of her body to reach the land.

A friendly eddy lent its aid, and the two gained the tideless shallow water whence to reach the land was a task of little difficulty.

Ned Charteris' life was saved by "Incognita." About sunset that same day, a picket making its rounds came upon an exhausted, half naked man who had torn his garments into strips to make bandages for a wounded mare who lay quivering and panting on the herbage by the river side.

They took the man prisoner, and would have left the mare to die, but he pleaded so piteously in her behalf that they led the two to the nearest British outpost station, where Ned Charteris, invigorated by food and wine, told the marvelous story of his escape to Col. Blackford, who commanded the District.

In the camp of the allies, for the first time since he left the the Hague, Ned Charteris laid down to rest with a feeling of ease and security. The precious dispatches were in his bosom, sopped and saturated, it is true, but still there. He was safe under the protection of the British flag, and on the morrow a guide and a fresh horse would be found to conduct him to the village of D'Arcy where the General commanding the Fourth Division had, within the last few days, established his headquarters.

This new horse was a sore trial to Charteris. He grieved as only an honest, true-hearted man can grieve at being parted from his four footed favorite, but his mission was urgent, brooking no delay, and the mare who had saved his life must of necessity be left behind, the wound she had received rendering her wholly unfit to travel.

Col. Blackford, who was greatly interested in Ned's adventures, gladly undertook the charge of "Incognita," promising she should receive every possible attention, and that if human aid could ensure her recovery she would be ready for Charteris on his return from D'Arcy, but that under any circumstances she would be well kept and cared for till her rightful owner reclaimed her.

The next morning mounted on a sturdy Flemish roadster, Ned Charteris accompanied by a Sergeant and an escort quitted the outpost station to ride to D'Arcy.

It was a long day's journey and night had fallen when they reached the Village where the commandant of the Village had fixed his headquarters.

At the Lion d'Or, the best inn in the little Town, they found the General quartered, but access to his presence was by no means easily obtained and the orderly who first took in a message that a courier with dispatches waited without, brought back the curt rejoinder that the General was engaged and the courier must wait till the morning.

From the chief room of the inn warm and well lighted, came forth into the still night air the sounds of merriment and the fumes of steaming punch, too well betraying the manner in which the General commanding the Fourth Division was engaged.

But Charteris, with the responsibility of his commission upon him, would not be so readily denied and sent a second urgent message using the name of his grace, the Duke of Marlborough to conjure by.

After some delay the orderly returned and signed to him to follow.

It was a long, low room into which he was ushered, a room reeking with tobacco and the odors of strong spirits, of which latter the company round the table seemed to have imbibed somewhat too freely.

Hats, swords and cloaks lay littered about the rich tables, unbuttoned coats, soiled ruffles and wigs awry marked those whose loud voices and glared eyes spoke of a protracted debauch, while at the head of the table huge, glaring, repulsive, half drunk, reclined in a monstrous army chair, the General commanding the division.

Both started as their eyes met. Each recognized the other.

"Your business," hiccupped the General, roughly.

"Despatches from His Grace, the Commander in Chief to General, the Earl of Carisbrooke," replied Charteris, saluting.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE EARL OF CARISBROOKE'S REVENGE.

Perhaps of all people on the face of the habitable globe the Earl of Carisbrooke was the one whom Ned Charteris had desired to meet, and this from no feeling of cowardice, for in this rough brutal giant, he from the first, had instinctively recognized a man who in every way was anti-pathetical and base.

It needed no second glance at his swarthy face, now flushed with wine, his bent black shaggy brows lowering over eyes that glowed like coals, to show Ned that the recognition was mutual, and that the remembrance of the quarrel, which would have terminated in a duel, but for the timely interposition of Masham and the guard, was fresh in his memory. But now Charteris was in a very different position to that which he had occupied at the club in St. James's, when he had allowed the Earl to taunt him with a quarrel.

He was now but a gentleman volunteer at the best, little more than a private soldier, though the trusted messenger of the Duke of Marlborough, and he stood in the presence of not only the representative of one of the oldest and proudest titles in Britain, but also before the General commanding the Fourth Division, his superior officer who had supreme authority over him, even to the extent of life and death.

There was a malignant scowl on the Earl's face which had a meaning that he too was fully aware of the fact, and was fully prepared if advisable to avail himself of it to its utmost limit.

A word of explanation may be necessary here to account for the presence of the Earl of Carisbrooke in the village of D'Arcy in such a responsible position as that in which Ned found him, after having last seen him led away under an escort of soldiers to a prison charged with a foul and repulsive murder.

In "the days of good Queen Anne" the Peers of England possessed privileges which in these times of comparative equality, when the same laws are meted out with strict impartiality to high and low, rich and poor, it seems hard to comprehend.

My Lord of Carisbrooke, rich and powerful, would according to the law of the day have been arraigned after wearisome postponement, and delay after delay, before the House of Peers where his great wealth and greater power, the fear in which he was held by some, and expectation of his influence to be exerted in the future on his behalf by others, would, without doubt, have led to his ultimate acquittal.

Now the family of Copele had done good service to the country for generations beyond count. It was the custom to bestow upon the leading scions of such noble houses a commission in the army upon the day of the cortes and it was by no means unusual that a young Earl or Viscount should by speedy promotion coupled with favoritism, hold the rank of Major, or even Colonel, before he had left the cradle, certainly before his puny hand could grasp a sword or the scarlet cloth or epaulets of his uniform was aught to his eye but a brilliant color and an infant's bauble.

The Earl of Carisbrooke, though he had seen no service, was one of the senior Generals in the English army when he was arrested in the club at St. James.

His haughty, impatient spirit rejected the indignity of a trial, and he applied for a post under Marlborough, to serve in the Spring campaign, a request which, incredibable as it may appear, was immediately granted, for it relieved the Government of carrying through the farce of his prosecution, and thus it came about that the man who one week was arrested on the most serious charge in the catalog of crime was the next dispatched in all the glory of scarlet cloth and gold lace to assume an important command with the allied armies.

The Earl of Carisbrooke while with one hand he endeavored to arrange his wig, stretched forth the other carelessly towards Charteris.

"Come, sirrah, come, said he, impatiently, "if this business is of such moment, give me the parchments, and get thee to thy kennel. I have more pressing matters to attend to."

The blood boiled in Ned's veins and mounted in a crimson flush to his face, but restraining himself he saluted the General, and handed him the dispatches, which at the imminent risk of his life he had carried from the Hague.

When the Earl broke the seal and loosed the silk cord which bound the papers together, it was evident enough, as he glanced over the writing, that the words which he perused were not only of the utmost importance, but that the message conveyed was distasteful to him; perhaps the more especially so, coming to his hands through the medium of one for whom he took no care to conceal his hatred.

"Well, sirrah," he said contemptuously, looking up from beneath the dark penthouse of his brows. "Why this delay? Knowest thou not that despatches from the Commander-in-Chief to the Earl of Carnbrooke require more speed than a billet-doux from a country squire to a Drury Lane wench? Wherefore hast thou loitered by the way? Hey, sirrah?"

"I have ridden with all speed, General," answered Charteris, choking down his wrath at being thus addressed and saluting again.

"By all the devils of hell, I say thou hast not," cried the Earl, banging his fist upon the table with such force as to make the glasses leap. "Dost thou dare dispute the matter further? I say thou hast not," and his Lordship thrust forward his massive head with an ugly, menacing look.

"Your lordship gives me the lie," said Ned pale but resolute, looking him steadily in the face.

"Yes, 'my lordship' gives you the lie," retorted the General with a sneer, "and thank your good fortune that 'my lordship' does not degrade his cane by laying it over your rascally shoulders. Get you gone, and bid them give you a truss of straw to lie on in the stable till I want you again."

"Perhaps," said Charteris, still endeavoring to check his passion, a passion which boiled and surged and crept through all his veins. "Perhaps your lordship has forgotten the occasion of our last meeting, a meeting which thanks to the interposition of a Captain's guard, left a little matter we had in dispute unsettled."

The Earl broke into a loud, harsh, forced laugh, crying as he turned to his companions around the table:

"Would you believe that this fellow once had the audacity to attempt to force a quarrel upon me, and that I, overlooking the disparity in our ranks—he was then but a drunken, ruined country gawk—half promised to give him a lesson, one that would have stopped that breath which to night he would seem to have in too great quantity, and—"

"I am willing to receive that lesson now, my lord," said Charteris, clapping his hand upon his sword-belt, "if your lordship is capable of giving it."

The Earl leant back in his chair and roared in half drunken, half savage merriment:

"A General of Division challenged by a private in a marching regiment! Fore gad! 'Tis the choicest joke I have heard since I bade farewell to Will's Coffee House. Here, fellow, I love thee for thine impudence. Here is a crown for thee; go get thyself drunk in toasting Queen Anne and the great Duke of Marlborough."

He contemptuously cast a crown-piece across the table as he spoke. All those around the table looked curiously on to see in what manner this fresh insult would be met.

Ned Charteris slowly drew off his glove and placed the coin leisurely within it. Then bending forward he said in clear firm tones in which none could detect the tremor of rage.

"Then I am to understand, my lord, that you decline to give me the satisfaction one gentleman has the right to demand of another?"

"Gentleman!" laughed the Earl. "Hark ye fellow, we whip puppies, we do not fight them."

"Then," cried Charteris, lifting the hand which gripped the glove. "Then *thus* I brand you coward and poltroon!"

There was a sudden movement round the table, for Ned, with all his strength, brought down the glove, weighted with the crown piece, full across the bloated face of the Earl of Carisbrooke, and that with such force as to lay open his cheek in a gash from which the blood flowed freely.

A dozen swords leapt from their scabbards, a dozen hands seized Ned savagely by the arm and collar, round the waist, and by the lappels of his coat.

The Earl had started to his feet at the sting of the blow and now stood confronting Charteris, his face white with rage, save where the scarlet scar glowed angrily as the blood dripped from it on to his lace shirt. On the impulse of the moment he had drawn his sword and it would have been quite in keeping with his character had he then and there acted as executioner, and passed the blade again and again through Ned's defenseless body. It would have surprised no one; Charteris, least of all, had he done so; but instead of him taking the law into his hands, he scowled at him for the space of a minute with an expression of diabolical indignity.

Then turning to the orderly who had stood a marveling spectator of the scene, he bade him call a file of soldiers to the room.

"Sergeant," said he, 'where are those prisoners, taken in the last skirmish?"

"Locked in the church, General."

"Take this fellow and cast him amongst them."

The Sergeant paused, hesitating,

"Well, well! Do you not hear my orders?"

"Yes, General—but—but, the church is so closely packed that as the fever takes the poor devils and they fade and perish, they die standing."

"Then wedge him in between two corpses," cried the Earl with a brutal laugh. "'Tis long since he hath been in respectable company. Nay, bind him first, bind him hand and foot—d'ye hear, Sergeant—he is cunning enough; if ye be careful to tricks, breathe first and the devil afterwards—away him to the pest house!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

MR. COSWAY'S MARRIAGE

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Two Destinies," "The Moonstone," "The Law and the Lady," Etc., Etc.

THE THIRD EPOCH IN MR. COSWAY'S LIFE.

Three days had passed. Cosway sat alone in his lodging—pale and worn; the shadow already of his former self.

He had not seen Adela since the discovery. The one way in which he could venture to make the inevitable disclosure was by letter. Through Mr. Atherton (to whom he had at once revealed his position) he was able to make inquiries at Mr. Restall's house. The answers simply informed him that Miss Restall was suffering from illness.

The landlady came into the room. "Cheer up, sir," said the good woman. "There is better news of Miss Restall today."

He raised his head. "Don't trifle with me!" he answered fretfully; "tell me exactly what the servant said."

The landlady repeated the words. Miss Restall had passed a quieter night, and had been able for a few hours to leave her room. He asked next if any letter had arrived for him. No letter had arrived. If Adela definitely abstained from writing to him, the conclusion would be too plain to be mistaken. She had given him up—and who could blame her?

There was a knock at the street-door. The landlady looked out. "Here's Mr. Stone come back, sir!" she exclaimed joyfully—and hurried away to let him in. Cosway never looked up when his friend appeared.

"I knew I should succeed," said Stone. "I have seen your wife."

"Don't speak of her!" cried Cosway. "I should have murdered her when I first saw her free, if I had not instantly left the house. I may be the death of the wretch yet, if you persist in speaking of her!"

Stone put his hand kindly on his friend's shoulder.

"Must I remind you that you owe something to your old companion?" he asked. "I left my father and mother the morning I got your letter—and my one thought has been to serve you. Reward me. Be a man, and here what it is your right and duty to know. After that, if you like, we will never refer to her again.

Cosway took his hand, in silent acknowledgment that he was right. They sat down together. Stone began.

"She is so entirely shameless," he said; "that I had no difficulty in getting her to speak. She so cordially hates you that she glories in her own falsehood and treachery. In the first place, I may tell you that she has a certain right, if she pleases, to call herself 'Miss Benshaw.' She is really the daughter of the man who founded the great house in the City. With every advantage that wealth and position could give her, the perverse creature married one of her father's footmen. From that moment her family discarded her. With the money procured by the sale of her jewels, her husband took the inn which we have such bitter cause to remember—and she carried it on after his death. So much for the past. We may now pass over a long lapse of years and get to the time when you and I were on the South American station, beginning to think of the happy days when our ship would be ordered back to England. At the date at which we have now arrived, the last surviving member of her family—her elder brother—lay at the point of death. He had taken his father's place in the business, besides inheriting his father's fortune. The loss of his wife (leaving no children) rendered it necessary that he should alter his will. He deferred performing this duty. It was only at the time of his last illness that he had dictated instructions for a new will, leaving his wealth (excepting certain legacies to old friends) to the hospitals of Great Britain and Ireland. His lawyer lost no time in carrying out the instructions. The new will was ready for signature (the old will having been destroyed by his own hand), when the doctor sent a message to say that their patient was insensible, and might die in that condition. He did die in that condition. Your wretched wife, as next of kin, succeeded, not only to the fortune, but (under the deed of partnership) to her late brother's place in the firm, on the one easy condition of resuming the family name. She calls herself 'Miss Benshaw.' But as a matter of legal necessity she is set down in the deed as 'Mrs. Cosway Benshaw.' Her partners only now know that her husband is living, and that you are the Cosway whom she privately married. Will you take a little breathing-time? or shall I go on, and get done with it?"

Cosway signed to him to go on.

"She doesn't in the least care," Stone proceeded, "for the exposure. 'I'm the head partner,' she says, 'and the rich one of the firm; they daren't turn their backs on me.' You remember the information I received—in perfect good faith on his part—from the man who now keeps the inn? The visit to the London doctor, and the assertion of failing health, were adopted as the best means of plausibly severing the lady's connection (the great lady now) with the calling so unworthy of her in the keeping of an inn. Her neighbors at the seaport were all deceived by the strategem, with two exceptions. They were both men—vagabonds who had pertinaciously tried to delude her into marrying them in the days when she was a widow. They refused to believe in the doctor and the declining health; they had their own suspicion of the motives which had led to the sale of the inn, under very unfavorable circumstances; and they decided on going to London, inspired by the same base hope of making discoveries which might be turned into a means of extorting money. Their contemplated victim proved equal to the emergency. The attorney whom she had employed to manage the sale of the lease and goodwill of the inn, was not above accepting a handsome private fee. He wrote to the new landlord of the inn, falsely announcing his client's death, in the letter which I repeated to you in the railway carriage on our journey to London; and he deluded the two inferior rogues, when they ventured to make inquiry at his office. You and I were deceived, in our turn, by the lawyer's letter. Your natural conclusion that you were free to pay your addresses to Miss Restall, and the poor young lady's innocent confidence in 'Miss Benshaw's' sympathy, gave this unscrupulous woman the means of playing the heartless trick on you which is now exposed. Malice and jealousy—I have it, mind, from herself! were not her only motives. 'But for that Cosway,' she said I spare you the epithet which she put before your name,) 'with my money and position, I might have married a needy lord, and sunned myself in my old age in the full blaze of the peerage.' Do you understand how she hated you, now? Enough of the subject! The moral of it, my dear Cosway, is to leave this place, and try what change of scene will do for you. I have time to spare, and I will go abroad with you. When shall it be?"

"Let me wait a day or two more," Cosway pleaded.

Stone shook his head. "Still hoping, my poor friend, for a line from Miss Restall? You distress me."

"I am sorry to distress you, Stone. If I can get one pitying word from her, I can submit to the miserable life that lies before me."

"Are you not expecting too much?"

"You wouldn't say so, if you were as fond of her as I am."

They were silent. The evening slowly darkened, and the landlady came in as usual with the candles. She brought with her a letter for Cosway.

He tore it open; and read it in an instant; and devoured it with kisses. His highly wrought feelings found their vent in a little allowable exaggeration. "She has saved my life!" he said, as handed the letter to Stone.

It only contained these lines:

"My love is yours, my promise is yours. Through all trouble, through all profanation, through the hopeless separation that may be before us in this world, I live yours—and die yours. My Edwin, God bless and comfort you."

THE FOURTH EPOCH IN MR. COSWAY'S LIFE.

The separation had lasted for nearly two years, when Cosway and Stone paid that visit to the country house which is recorded at the outset of the present narrative. In the interval nothing had been heard of Miss Restall, except through Mr. Atherton. He reported that Adela was leading a very quiet life. The one remarkable event had been an interview between "Miss Benshaw" and herself. No other person had been present; but the little that was reported placed Miss Restall's character above all praise. She had forgiven the woman who cruelly injured her!

The two friends, it may be remembered, had traveled to London, immediately after completing the fullest explanation of Cosway's startling behavior at the breakfast-table. Stone was not by nature a sanguine man. "I don't believe in our luck," he said. "Let us be quite shure that we are not the victims of another deception."

The accident had happened on the Thames; and the newspaper narrative proved to be accurate in every respect. Stone personally attended the inquist. From a natural feeling of delicacy toward Adela, Cosway hesitated to write to her on the subject. The ever-helpful Stone wrote in his place.

After some delay, the answer was received. It inclosed a brief statement (communicated officially by legal authority) of a last act of malice on the part of the late head-partner in the house of Benshaw & Co. She had not died intestate, like her brother. The first clause of her will contained the testator's grateful recognition of Adelia Restall's Christian act of forgiveness. The second clause (after stating that there were neither relatives or children to be benefitted by the will) left Adela Restall mistress of Mrs. Cosway Benshaw's fortune—on the one merciless condition that she did *not* marry Edwin Cosway. The third clause—if Adela Restall violated the condition—handed over the whole of the money to the firm in the City, "for the extension of the business, and the benefit of the surviving partners."

Some months later, Adela came of age. To the indignation of Mr Restall, and the astonishment of the "Company," the money actually went to the firm. The fourth epoch in Mr. Cosway's life witnessed his marriage to a woman who cheerfully paid half a million of money for the happiness of passing her life on eight hundred a year, with the man whom she loved.

But Cosway felt bound in gratitude to make a rich woman of his wife, if work and resolution could do it. When Stone last spoke of him, he was reading for the Bar; and Mr. Atherton was waiting to give him his first brief.

NOTE—That "most improbable" part of the present narrative, which is contained in the fourth epoch of The Third Epoch, is founded on an adventure which actually occurred to no less a person than a cousin of Sir Walter Scott, in Lockhart's delightful "Life," the anecdote will be found as told by Sir Walter to Capt. Basil Hall. The remainder of the present story is entirely imaginary. The writer wondered what such a woman as the landlady would do under certain given circumstances, after her marriage—and here is the result.

THE END.

PIONEER LIFE.

A Day of Disaster—A False Alarm, and an Excited Mob—The Scalded Baby—The Missing Paper—At the Show—A Wild Female with an Aching Tooth, Etc.

BY DR. SCOTT, OF LANCASTER, O., AUTHOR OF "PIONEER SKETCHES."

If there is a mortal living on the face of the earth to-day that can narrate a continuation of untoward events as having crowded themselves into a single day of his life, or if he can approximate in any near degree of comparison, that which befel me between the sunrise of one day and 10 o'clock of the night of the same day, it will please me very much to make him or her my most respectful bow, and yield the palm. I do not desire to seek notoriety, nor to be raised to an attitude of special notice on account of what befel me in a day, because I do not think there is anything meritorious in it all, in the first place, and because in the second place, we are all of us but playthings in the hands of circumstances, notwithstanding all our boasted self sufficiency, and confidence of being able to do just what we choose to do. But if anyone would desire to raise an issue with me on this proposition, my absolute reply is that I undertake to answer no metaphysical questions. Each mind will have its own views after all has been said that can be said about that which cannot be settled mathamatically; and so it is folly to waste words in useless speculation. The homely adage, people sometimes get up wrong end foremost in the morning, will find justification, or otherwise, in what here follows just as people happen to look at it from their respective stand points.

The morning of June 13, 1863, opened upon the world with all the glories of nature's very best effort. I have ever loved the month of June; June and October. June for its flowers and mellow sun, deep green foliage, and songs of birds; October for its ripe fruit, rare yellow leaf, palled sun and genial temperature. But notwithstanding all nature stood engaged to make mortals happy on that beautiful June morning, of 1863; and notwithstanding that I arose from my couch full of health and pleasurable feeling, there were vagrant thoughts flitting through my brain—some undefined sense or forboding of mischief ahead, bordering on the oppressive, some may say my liver was out of order. Suppose it was; every vexatious occurrence of the day was something I could not have changed, or prevented, if my liver had been the best in the world. And yet I don't wish anybody to take it that I am about to set up an argument to prove fatalism; and that man has no volitions to carry out, though in fact he seems to be little better than a shuttle cock.

The great Southern rebellion was raging in its hottest fury; and fathers, and sons, and husbands, and lovers, were exposed to its perils, and many had already fallen, and many homes were desolated, and hearts bereaved that never could be healed up again. My first born son was at the front; and a great battle was imminent; and the Northern heart was drawn up to its highest possible degree of tension. But when I rose up with the dawn, and went out in the fresh air and listened to the early mattins of the waking birds, for the moment none of these depressing thoughts obtruded, and everything combined to promise a good day. I put a match to the kindling in the cooking stove, that had been made ready the previous evening, according to custom, and then stepped to the rear of my lot to throw some feed to my pig; but I had no more than done so than the thrilling cry of "Fire," "Fire," fell upon my ears, and turning round, I was astounded at seeing thick volumes of smoke issuing from my kitchen, the rear door and window of which were open, I rushed to the scene, but not before the yard was half filled with people from the street. The fire bell was clanging the alarm that never fails to bring our everybody. The engines came rushing down with break neck speed, followed by the crowd from the market-house, and everybody poured into the yard with vandal impetuosity. Some ruthless hounds wrenched the yard gate from its hinges and hurled it to the middle of the street; another brought a scantling to break in the windows; others mounted the roof and called for axes to chop holes through, and still others began to tear down the alley fence, and everybody seemed determined, if the house did not burn down, to demolish it by some means. In the meantime, I forced my way into the kitchen through the dense smoke, where I soon found the the dampers of the stove all closed, and the pine shavings and kindling wood was on fire and throwing the smoke into the room because it could not find its way up through the stove pipe. The dampers were opened, the flames roared up the flue, and the crowd dispersed, some of them sorely disappointed at not having a conflagration, and all of them leaving me to repair the ravages, and the shrubbery and grass to take its time to grow again.

Within an hour afterwards breakfast was ready and the family were seated around the table. Little 11 months, on his high chair, pulled the coffee pot over and scalded his arm pretty badly. The doctor was brought and the arm appropriately attended to, which consumed another hour, and we were again seated at the table. The pan of biscuits that had been forgotten in the stove during the hub bub, was called for. They were burned to charcoals. A half hour more was used up in running to two or three bake shops, which resulted in procuring a few old buns, as the best that could be done.

A young lady was visiting at our house who was to leave on the 10 o'clock train. Her friends were to meet her at the station where she was to get off, which was three miles from her home, and on that account time was important. I went up and left the order for the cab. We waited for it until it seemed we might miss the train. I called a colored man that happened to be passing, and told him to shoulder the trunk and hurry with it to the depot; and taking the lady on my arm, we started on a half run, and were just in time to catch a glimpse of the rear end of the train as it disappeared round a curve a mile away; and we walked leisurly back to wait for the train on the following day.

I went to my office to fill some teeth by special engagement. My patient was from the country, and had a good square cash job of $10. Her father, with whom I had very little acquaintance, was with her. I went to work with encouragement, for I soon found that my sitter was going to be a good subject; and the wear on my nerves of the preceding few hours was being compensated as I went on. The conversation very naturally turned on the subject of the Rebellion, and progressed pleasantly enough until I blundered onto an unfortunate remark. I had got my cavities all about completed, ready for the filling, when I inadvertently made allusion to the War being protracted by reason of the sympathy of Northern Democrats with the cause of the South. This brought the old Democrat to his feet. He said he did not come there to be insulted; and peremptorily asked his girl to leave the chair and put on her things, and they would see if they could find a dentist that would not insult them. My apologies; and protestations of no wrong intentions, and finally my remonstrances that the work was half done, and that I could hold him to the contract, availed nothing, he would not allow anybody to talk that way to him, and they left, he swearing all the way down the stairs in about as many forms as the English language was capable of.

It was near dinner time, and I left the office and went home, with every nerve in my anatomy as taut as they would bear, At 1 o'clock I laid down to take a nap, if possible; but after an hour of disturbed half slumber, during which I saw nothing but the bleeding and mangled body of my son on the battle field, I arose in a far worse condition than before.

Important army news was expected, and the arrival of the dailies was waited for with nervous anxiety, for there were few who did not have friends at the front. At 3 o'clock my paper was thrown in. I siezed it, and had just got over the head lines when a boy came to say that a lady was at the office who wanted a tooth extracted. I told him to go back and tell the lady that I was feeling badly, and that my partner, who was a careful man, would extract the tooth. But she had sent word that she wanted me. I threw the paper on the piano and went; but the lady had forgotten her pocket book, and I got no fee. When I got back to the parlor the paper was not to be found. Nobody about the house had seen anything of it, and after vain attempts to find it, I hurried away to the news office to get another, but the supply had been exhausted some time. Then I realized that I must wait till somebody was through with their paper. Presently my daughter came in. She had tied up some work for the sewing girl. This explained, and I hurried over the hill to her house; but she had not got home, and her family did not know where she was nor how soon to expect her in.

The day was at an end and supper was over, and I felt like exclaiming, "Thank God!" My wife, seeing my worn condition, she proposed that we should go to Alf Burnett's entertainment at City Hall. I concurred. The little boy was not very restless and we thought we might keep him quiet with candy and ice-water, and the matter was settled. We went. Alf was a fountain of fun, and I was in a condition to need it. The little boy did very well till the first act was half out,

A Confederate Egg-Nog.

One cold, cloudy Christmas day, when the prospects of the Confederacy were as gloomy as the weather, an Arkansaw soldier, whose clothes looked as though they had been run through a threshing-machine, approached Gen. Hindman, who sat on a stump near a fire, and said:

"Gineral, wouldn't a little aig-nog go putty well this mornin'? You know in Arkansaw we allus celibrate Christmas with a little o' the stuff."

"Yes," the General replied, "and I should like to have a quart of it right now."

"Well, let's go to your tent, whar nobody ken see us, an' we'll make some 'rangements."

When they entered the tent, the soldier said: "You git the whisky and I'll git the aigs an' sugar."

"All right."

The soldier went away, and, after a while, with dejected countenance, he returned with the information that some one had stolen the "articles." "I'm devilish sorry," said he, "for I've been er savin' them things for yer benefit for a long time, knowin' how a aignog would strike yer Caristmas day."

"That is bad," said the General, "and if I could discover the thief he should be punished. Stay here and let me go out and skirmish."

The General, after much difficulty, succeeded in securing the ingredients, and ere long a bowl of the frothing drink was prepared.

"Ah," said the soldier, refilling his tincup for the third time, "this tastes like old times, when I uster get up afore day an' fire off the old fuzee. Put two men's heads together, an' sutin is goin' ter happen."

Shortly after the soldier left the tent Col. Bob Newton, Chief of Hindman's staff entered and said:

"Do you remember old David Aickett, who used to run a flat-boat on White River?"

"Yes, he was here a few moments ago."

"He came to me this morning," the Colonel continued, "and began to talk about egg-nog; said that he had been keeping eggs and sugar for me a long time, and that of I would furnish the whisky we would have a Christmas drink. I agreed, and he went away, returning pretty soon, and sorrowfully announced that some one had stolen his treasure. Rather than see the old fellow disappointed, I furnished everything, and for a few moments we—"

"Good morning, gentlemen," said Gen Churchill, entering the tent; "had a fine egg-nog early this morning. An old fellow that used to run a flatboat on White River said that he would furnish the eggs and sugar——"

"But did he do it?" asked Hindman and Newton simultaneously.

"No; some wretch had stolen the stuff. Hello, here is Fagan."

"Gentleman," said Gen. Fagan, "you ought to have been with me this morning. An old fellow, a former flatboatman, came to me and talked about egg-nog till he made my mouth water. He said that he had been saving up a lot of eggs and sugar for my benefit, and that if I would furnish the whisky we would celebrate. I agreed, and he went away, but I never saw a more cast-down man than he was upon returning. Some one had stolen the eggs, but I furnished the outfit, seeing that disappointment would about kill the old fellow. Hello, Reynolds!"

"Good morning, gentlemen," said Gen. Reynolds, "I have had a fine time this morning. An old fellow—"

"Hold on," shouted the other men; "we know all about that egg-stealing business."

Gen. Hindman called an orderly, and giving him the name of the egg-man, said: "Find that man and make him drunk, if it takes every drop of whisky in the Confederacy. Such merit shall not go unrewarded."—*Texas Siftings.*

COURTSHIP IN BOSTON.

A Pretty Boston schoolma'am and a youth of meek sedate
Were parting in the evening beside the garden gate;
His hand and heart he'd offered in a grave and gentle way,
And she, with quiet dignity, had named the happy day;
He lingered at the gate with her and said in accents low,
"There's a little favor I would ask before I go,
A favor never asked before, sweet maiden, it is this,
A lover's privilege, that is all, a sweet betrothal kiss."
"If you'll wait," the maiden whispered, with her color rising high,
"Till I remove my spectacles, I'll willingly comply."—*Somerville Journal.*

A Failure as a Short-Stop.

"Your beau seems to be an athletic-looking youth, Mary," said a fond Somerville papa to his blushing daughter.

"Oh, yes," she replied, with a smile; "he is the 'short-stop' of the Beltem nine."

"Ah! indeed; but he is not much of a player, I reckon."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because he stays till midnight nearly every time he comes to see you. As a 'short-stop' I should be inclined to regard him as a failure."—*Somerville Journal.*

How the Busy Bee Doth.

Soon will the busy bumble bee
Be buzzing on the wing.
With pointed head and tail carefully
Upon his steely sting.

The small boy loafing on the lea
With bat and ball will try
To bother the busy bumble-bee,
And thick him on the fly.

The b. b. b. will simply smile—
He won't a second waste—
But that boy'll be heard about a mile
As he humps for home in haste.
—*Lowell Citizen.*

A Little Cremation Joke.

Mr. Purseproud—No, sir, you shall not marry my daughter.

Augustus—Your objection, sir?

Mr. Purseproud—Whoever marries my daughter must earn her.

Augustus—Oh! it's all right then. If there is no law against cremation when the time comes I'll urn her.—*Philadelphia Call.*

So Like the Orb of Night.

How much a man is like the moon:
They often both look "dry";
And when a man's bereaft of them they
"Ne'er speak as they pass by."

Sometimes they're bright, sometimes they're dim;
They rise and then they set;
And in the morning when they rise
Their faces are red yet.

They often get quite full, you know,
And no doubt do repent;
But then they stay out late until
Their loan, last quarter's spent.
—*Yonker's Statesman.*

Incomprehensible.

They were lovers, and were also walking and talking together in a very affectionate manner, and she no doubt intended to pay him a compliment, but somehow or other he did not take it as such.

"If you don't stop flattering me so much I'll have to put my hands over my ears so as not to hear the compliments," he remarked.

"Put your hands over your ears!" she exclaimed. "Why, your hands are not half big enough."

He is not quite sure now whether it is his small hands or large ears of which he is to be proud.—*Texas Siftings.*

Waiting for Him.

New Girl—"Shall I lock the front door, Missus?"

Mrs. A. (whose husband has gone to the lodge)—"No, leave it as it is."

New Girl—"But some burglar might get in."

Mrs. A.—"I shall remain in the hall myself."

New Girl—"Mercy, save us! An' phat for?"

Mrs. A.—"I am waiting for the late male."—*Philadelphia Call.*

The Queen Playing Out.

On Saturday the Queen's birthday was celebrated in a very humble sort of way. The Duchess of Cleveland gave a small party, Lady Hayter had another of her pleasant Saturday evenings, at which the Red Hungarians played and a few couples tried to dance, and Lady Hogg and Lady Lopes, in different parts of the Town, held early receptions.—*London World.*

ETHICS OF SUICIDE.

Several Ways of Shuffling Off This Mortal Coil.

"Did you ever look into the ethics of suicide?" asked a student with a fierce red beard, one of a party who sat sipping their beer around a table in the Bungalow, on Medical street, in the rear of Jefferson College. Receiving a negative answer from his companions, he said: "I have, and am surprised at the brutish ways of self-destruction so prevalent and the utter lack of taste displayed in the consummation of the same, even by some people of whom we would be led to expect something better."

"If I wanted to shuffle off," quavered a sleepy-looking 'medic,' "I would take laudanum."

"Too common," said the red whiskers, in a disgusted tone; "besides, if you happened to take an overdose, look what a thundering sick stomach you'd have afterward. As I have said, I have looked over the matter thoroughly and rationally and I would choose"——

"To drive a poniard straight through the heart," interposed a blue-eyed youth in a checked suit.

"Thunder no!" ejaculated the other; "that is too old-fashioned and is entirely too romantic for this progressive age. The deadly poniard is seldom used off the stage, unless it be at pig stickings. Besides, it is liable to lodge somewhere in a fellow's lungs and cause him serious trouble and no little amount of expense. It's brutish."

"Now, if I wanted to go I'd load a gun to the muzzle with water, clap the muzzle to my mouth and clip—it's all over," ventured the wild-eyed fellow as he lit a cigaret.

"Heavens! how can you advance such a preference? That's certainly a crank's method. That trick in hydraulic is a deuced unclean one and makes a big job for the kalsominers. Now, for my part, I would——"

"Blow out your brains with a rifle-bar relied pistol," interrupted some one.

"Wrong again. I would not use a pistol. And if I did I would not use one with a long barrel. They are deuced unhandy; a man's hand is liable to tremble and the pill goes wandering somewhere where it has no business. If I used a pistol I would prefer a bull-dog or derringer that has little or no barrel, so when the bullet leaves the chamber it goes immediately to the point for which it is destined. Besides, this method is too common. Give me——"

"A plunge into the dark waters of the river," again ventured the youth in the check suit.

"No, that way is too wet, and then the dog-fish are liable to eat you out of semblance. The daisiest water method, though, was adopted by a friend of mine some time ago. He got mixed up over the 15 puzzle and bought a bag of shot, tied it around his neck and jumped over board from a ferry-boat. They never found him. But the best way is to"—

"Take hydrocyanic acid," said a student with a Mephistophelean cast of features.

"Pretty good, but too rapid. Doesn't give a chap time for second thought. If you want to enjoy all the delights of a well conducted and genteel suicide just

"What!" ejaculated the crowd.

"Eat a boarding house tenderloin steak," shrieked red whiskers, as he dodged a shower of glasses.—*Philadelphia Times.*

The Last Resort.

I was mighty good lookin' when I was young,
Peart an' black eyed an' slim,
With fellers a courtin' me Sunday nights,
'Spacially Jim.

The likeliest one of 'em all was he,
Chipper an' han'some an' trim,
But I tossed up my head an' made fun o' the crowd,
'Spacially Jim.

I said I hadn't no 'pinion o' men,
An' I wouldn't take stock in *him!*
But they kep' up a comin' in spite o' my talk,
'Spacially Jim.

I got so tired o' havin' 'em round'
(Spacially Jim!)
I made up my mind I'd settle down
An' take up with him.

So we was married one Sunday in church,
Twas crowded full to the brim;
'Twas the only way to git rid of 'em all,
'Spacially Jim.
—*B. M., Century Bric a Brac for June.*

Danger on Wheels.

Jones—I have a great mind to buy a bicycle.

Smith—What for, pray?

Jones—To ride on, of course. A friend of mine who is a dealer in bicycles says they have many merits and only three objections.

Smith—Did he tell you what the objections were?

Jones—Well, no.

Smith—I had one once. Your friend is right. A bicycle has but three objections. The first one is that you are liable to break an arm; the second is that you are liable to break a leg——

Jones—Good gracious!

Smith—And the third is that you are liable to break your neck.—*Philadelphia Call.*

The Beauty of Brevity.

"Father," said a young man who had charge of the paragraph department of a college magazine. "*Falstaff* was a very fat man, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"He was what you might call corpulent, wasn't he?"

"Yes, he was corpulent."

"Corpulence sounds big, but it can be spelled with four letters, can't it?"

"No, it can't. Have you lost all your senses?"

"O, yes, it can. What's the matter with o be t?"

The father will bring suit against the college for dwarfing his son's mind.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A Practical Definition.

"Bill, what is meant by puts and calls?"

"Well, Hank, I'll explain. You see, last Sunday night I called on Miss Jergoss; that was a call."

"Yes"

"Well, just as I was about to be seated in came her pa in a great rage."

"Yes."

"Well, then, I put."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Ethics of the Street Car.

"Take my seat, madam."

"Thanks. Now, Ethel, dear, there is a seat. Sit right down."

"Indeed, I shan't, Clara. Take that seat yourself. I prefer to stand."

"Now, dear, you know you're almost tired to death. Sit down."

"And let you stand? Well, I think I see myself. Besides, I'm going to pay the fare."

"No, you're not."

"Yes, I am."

"It's my turn. Sit down and let me do it," etc.

(Enter third lady, who takes the vacant seat.)

Her Question.

"Do you love me, dear?" she sweetly said,
"Are you true as the skies above me?"
HIS ANSWER.
"I worship," he said, "the ground you tread,
And am true as the sky above thee."
WHY HE WAS SAFE.
He knew that the ground which she did tread
Was worth unlimited money,
And the April sky above her head
Was as false as glucose honey.

The Prince of Wales Bored.

The Prince of Wales has not so much gone to Roy for his health as to avoid being condoled with on the death of his brother. He has been surfeited with conventional mourning in Germany, because, as one of the Prince Consort's sons, he is a Duke of Saxony. He could not traverse a village or stop an instant at a railway station without being pounced upon by well-meaning functionaries of the locality and obliged to listen to a dull essay on the shortness of life and the irreparable loss the Royal family has sustained. At Darmstadt every lady wore a long face. At Berlin the lugubrious ceremonial observed by nearly every one who approached him became intolerable. The Prince was thankful to find himself, after all this simulated woe, in a republican city, where not creature thought of presenting him with an address.—*London Punch.*

Miscellany.

TEXAS COWBOYS.

Who They Are, How They Dress, What They Do, and Where They Live.

SUN-KISSED PRAIRIES.

A few months' sojourn on the borders of Northwestern Texas has brought me in contact with the above representatives of the broad sun-kissed prairies—including the famous Staked Plains so famous for their deceptive appearance, and for many decades supposed worthlessness—and giving me an excellent opportunity for learning much about the noted cowboy, the roaming herds of buffalo, and the beautiful bands of wild horses.

THE COWBOY'S GREATEST AMBITION.

The cowboy, of which so much has been said and written (and who in every sense of the word has been overestimated), is nothing more nor less than a species of the genius humanum, of patois dialect, with remarkable peculiarities and extraordinary habits. He is neither brave nor cowardly, but a kind of a cross between an old Western farmer and a desperado of the frontier, with an inclination to ape the latter. His greatest ambition is to possess a fine horse, saddle, bridle and a Colt's revolver, caliber 45.

ATTIRED FOR ACTIVE SERVICE.

His wardrobe is limited, of course, but of a peculiar class and manufacture, especially that used upon the head and feet. The boots are selected with much care—heels high and tops fancy, which are always in sight, as the leg of the pants is invariably nicely folded around the ankle and kept from soiling by the boot being drawn gracefully over. After the boot is selected comes the hat, which is usually a Stetson, ten-ounce, heavy leather band, interlaced with galloon. Compared with the foot and headgear the remainder of the costume is somewhat trivial. Pants run inside the boots and covered by fine calf-skin leggings, any defect in fit or the material from which they are manufactured is easily concealed. Only a few more articles and the wants of the noted Texas cowboy are satisfied—of which a pair of spurs and a cartridge belt filled with proper ammunition are the most essential. Thus attired and mounted he is ready for active service, having but little thought or concern for the inner man

THE KNIGHT OF THE LARIAT.

He sleeps with his saddle for his pillow wherever night overtakes him, eats at any camp where fortune's favor drives him and in turn is ever ready to assist or divide with his fellow-man—who perchance drops in on him resting at his cabin or beneath the shade and shelter of some tree as the case may be. The genuine Texas cowboy was hardly ever known to do a mean or cowardly act, but his reputation has been infringed upon—in fact, ruined—by desperados who know but little of cowboy life and magnanimity, but palm themselves off upon an unsuspecting public as man-eating, man destroying cowboys from the outposts of Texas. Of course, the knight of the lariat, when under the influence of liquor, is noisy; aside from this he is a harmless creature.

THE BUFFALO OF THE FAR WEST.

All over the vast plains from Montana to Texas where but a few years since buffalo roamed in numbers beyond the calculation of man, notwithstanding Hon. R. C. McCormick's law for their better protection, there can now be found but small herds, and a few years hence the buffalo of the far West will be a thing of the past—one of the bygones. In their time, however, they served a good purpose. Indians, who 40 years ago claimed the whole country west of the Missouri, or nearly so, subsisted upon their flesh and kept their persons protected from the elements by their hides—serving as they did for tents, bedding and clothing.

THE FLEET WILD MUSTANGS.

While the buffalo have disappeared at a rapid rate, the same cannot be said of the wild horses or mustangs, especially in Northwestern Texas, where they are found in bands numbering from 30 to 300. It is said that among these horses are to be found the fleetest in America, especially a noted pacer which would put Occident, Jay-Eye See and other noted steppers to blush, as no racer has yet been found capable of turning him. Experiments at their capture clearly demonstrate that they not only possess the greatest speed, but extraordinary bottom or staying qualities, for upon many occasions parties have stationed themselves at reasonable distances along the plains and given chase with relays, having in view the capture of some of the more fleet of those noble animals; but such chase has generally terminated in failure. The wild horses, of Northwestern Texas are of stock stolen many years since by the Kiowa and Comanche Indians from horsemen in Eastern Texas, hence their fine blood and great speed.

THE STAKED PLAINS.

The Staked Plains of New Mexico and Northwestern Texas have been but little understood by civilized man until within the past few years. They have been regarded as barrren waste, worthless to all intents and purposes for any use whatever. But, as the van of civilization crowds its way or takes its course in the direction of the crimson-tinted sky of the Occident, more is learned of this heretofore unoccupied domain, which has an area larger than the whole State of New York. These plains begin in New Mexico and extend far into the interior of Texas, and are lined on the south by the Pecos and on the north by Red River, and are of the shape of the letter V. They are covered the entire year with a thick coat of buffalo grass, very short but exceeding nutritious, affording excellent pasturage for every class of stock. Heretofore water was supposed to be out of the question upon these plains, but exploration has revealed considerable quantities in lagunas or surface lakes, while well-boring in many places has been attended with satisfactory results—notwithstanding the fact that Gen. John Pope 28 years ago expended two millions of the people's money experimenting on these same plains for artesian water.

A PREDICTION.

The Quakers of Ohio seem to fancy the Staked Plains (so-called from the fact that about 200 years ago Jesuit Fathers in passing from East to West, after losing a small party of explorers who perished with thirst, crossed from the Yellow House Canyon to the Pecos, 150 miles, and drove stakes at convenient distances lest they too should become bewildered, lose their way and perish), and have started a colony thereon, in Crosby County, where for three years they have successfully cultivated corn, potatos, millet, etc. The prediction, therefore, would not be far-stretched were I to state that 20 years hence the Staked Plains, from fountain head to where they end, will be reclaimed and blossom as the lily of the rose.—*Charles W. Beach in the San Franciscan.*

Mothers.

If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

Traveling on Their Forms.

Talent that is purely physical pays now-a-days. Mrs. Langtry, who can't act a bit, made $50,000 last year, and Sullivan, who can only fight, made $100,000. One is tempted, after reading the latter fact, to indulge in a little moralizing and a few comparisons. How many members of the learned professions earned a quarter as much? Precious few. It is not surprising the profession of pugilism is overcrowded when it presents chances like this one, of making, like Sullivan, a fortune in a year.—*Boston Journal.*

A Toronto dispatch says the prospects for a good crop are encouraging. Last week's frost did much less damage than feared.

JOHNNY ON DOGS.

The Habits and Uses of the Canine Family Fully Discussed.

The Dogs is a great source of national wealth but the Buffalows is nearly extincted, says the Judges' "devil." The dog is a domestic animal like the Wolf and Fox but most dogs wont stand it if you tramp on their tale—he is knock-ternal in his habits but he don't squeel like the Mules and pig. We haye three dogs and Uncle Ben says all 3 aint worth a damp plug of tobacco to hiss. If you don't give dogs enough to eat he becomes so avericious that he will attack Human people and on account of his great Fidelity to Man he is called the King of Beasts. The dogs are a ruminating animal, and if he had horns he would chaw his quid. You can know he is dreaming when he wants to Bark and can't git his mouth open, but if somebody makes our dogs awake at night Uncle Ben says they make such a Racket like if all the Hail was broke loose. Dogs is a source of great Pleasure as the Faithful Companion of the lonely traveler, and when our Watch sees a peddler or somebody going a past our house he lays low till he gets past then he sneaks up behind and bites his legs—Every dog has his day—Bill Thompson says that's the Law and you can't get over it and he says the Dog Days was made so every dog could have their days all at once, our Teacher she says the dog belongs to the Wolf Family but Uncle Ben he laughed, he said he knowed better than that with his one eye shut, for he said he bets a wolf would be a doggoned nice Family Man. This Faithful Animal Guards the house at night while all the house is Rapped in Peace full Slumber and Bill Thomson he says that if a dog has wool in his teeth the next morning it's a sign he teared sheep that night. And a dog ain't no Beast of Pray, but our Teacher she says that don't mean that he's worse than other people for she says it don't mean that kind of Pray—but the New Found Land dog is the hayriest of the whole Lot who can swim more than a week before he Ascends to the surface to Breathe, he is therefore called the Ship of the Desert. And a Inglish bulldog is awful onery to look at— Uncle Ben he says if a Inglish bulldog looks like that he would like to see a Dutch one. Bill Thompson he says they are called Inglish Bulldogs because he says in England the people use them for bait when they want to fetch bulls, and that kind of ketching fish is called Bull baiting, and Bill Thompson, he says if a full bloody Inglish Bulldog ketches a Holt of a Steer's nose he is so sagacious that he won't let go even if you cut off one of your Hine legs. Dogs is like other creatures and can't talk, but Bill Thompson he says in Olden Times before the war Dogs could talk Latin but now nobody can talk any more Dog Latin except the professors in the Colldges. The dogs is Up on the hole the cuniest animals that ever was and when Prof. Daisyhead made a address in our school he said if he had knowed as much about Scientif Animal as us Boys he would a had a show to be President too but he said in the Dark Ages where he was born had no show to be President but Jo Simmings said he would sooner run a Engine than be President because Garfield killed him, but Bill Thompson says Jo hasn't got Back Bones enough. Our teacher she learnt to talk french at Miss Krautschwanger's Boarded School and she says if you want to make a dog stand on his Hine legs in french and make a Bough, you must say O Reservoir Mon Chair.

CUSS WORDS.

What an English Authority Has to Say About Them.

Damn has a meaning precise and well-defined, says a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, but the unmeaning oaths in common use, almost defy calculation by their number and comment by their silliness. The Italians often swear by Bacchus—"Per Baeco." The English people of our day are still found to imprecate by "Jove," or by "Jupiter," or by "Jingo." Few people know what the last word really signifies, and what is its derivation. They also swear by the Holy Poker, by Lord Harry, by Gosh, by Jabers, by Blazes, and speak of the "deuce," as if the word were synonymous with the devil. "Jingo" is the old British or Keltic oath, of great force of meaning originally, and is derived from "dian"—pronounced jian, vengeance, and gaoth—pronounced "go" or "gu," blast or breath, and really means the blast of vengeance, an oath that survives in another and less emphatic form, "Blast you!" which seems to be a particular favorite by the constant use that is made of it. The exclamation of "Oh dear!" and "Oh dear me!" are the Anglicised renderings of the Keltic Dia mi (Dee a mee), my God! and oh Dia mi, oh my God!—expressions that might not, perhaps, be employed so often if their origin and true meaning were generally known to the fair ladies, to whom they are so familiar. Many attempts are made by swearers to avoid taking God's name in vain by using "od" as an abbreviation of God, as in the still current "zounds!" "od's life," and the once popular "od's bod-kins" and "od's pitikins," found in Shakspere and his contemporaries. The two last forms of swearing are more than profane, inasmuch as they are obscene and disgusting, as all who know the meaning of the old Keltic monosyllables "bod" and "pit" will admit—meanings with which no writer of the present day would dare to sully his page. The French imitate the English in their desire not to desecrate God's name by their imprecations, and resort to grotesque evasions and clumsy subterfuges to get round the difficulty—which they scarcely admit to be insurmountable, substituting for the very profane oath, 'Sacre nom de Dieu,' the words first introduced and made popular by military men, 'Sacre nom d'une pipe!' "Sacre nom d'un chien!" and still more common "Sacre bleu!" The Germans have saperlotte, as a form of the same senseless imprecation. Dash is often used by the mealy-mouthed as a synonym for the more emphatic damn—as in the silly exclamations "Dash my wig" and "Dash my buttons."

A Japanese Family at Sea.

We had a large number of Japanese passengers who seemed to fill every nook and cranny for'ard. A pleasant looking family, fearful of the closeness of the steerage, had built their soul a lordly dwelling-house over the hatches amidships. They had piled their luggage round and planted themselves in the middle. The walls were not very high, but at least they served to mark the limits of their domain. There they sat, the father blandly smiling at the fair scene around, the mother tidying up, and the little boy with his head shaved save for two locks over either ear, which were nicely oiled and combed. I was very glad to think, as I looked on this family scene, that we were going to have such fine weather that the Captain was making preparations for spending the night on the bridge. It would be a terrible thing if the vessel rolled and pitched, breaking down the house of cards, inextricably mixing up the little boy with the luggage and spoiling his hair. Worse still, if cruel seas were to come over and wash the decks.

Presently, as we came nearer to the bar, and could faintly hear the boom of the Pacific rollers on the rugged coast, a tarpaulin was slung over a pole covering in the scene of domestic felicity. They had a lantern, and, peeping through a chink, I discovered them smiling more vigorously than ever. Never had they been so comfortable on board ship, and they were more than ever pleased that this happy thought had occurred to them, and that they had not pigged in with their countrymen in the hold.—*The English Illustrated Magazine.*

June.

In the leafy month of June
When doth shine the silver moon
On the wheezy, and bassoon,
The young man doth soft intune
The melodious 'Bonny Doon."
Then the citizen irate
Snaketh out the alley gate
With a chiblet and the pate
Of the youth he doth berate.
—*The Ratchet.*

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.

If you want to get into the nicest and most sentimental position for a photograph, eat a few of the cucumbers now found in the markets.—*Chicago Sun.*

A Paris Chinaman has purchased an old accordeon for 25 cents, and is going to stuff it with baked rats and eat it for a Thanksgiving turkey.—*Beacon.*

A Philadelphia man, who is the father of seven daughters, has ordered a beautiful and expressive motto for the parlor wall. It reads: "No sons-in-law taken to board."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

"All nature smiles," sings a Spring poet. Yes, and some men smile, too, but they get ahead of nature in their smiles, and are so deep they oft become too full for utterance.—*Oil City Derrick.*

What does "Good Friday mean?" asked one Halstead street urchin of his companion.

"You'd better go home and read your Robinson Crusoe," was the withering reply.—*Chicago Sun.*

Considering the scream of a young one, if it would increase in loudness with years, the scream of a locomotive would be as nothing compared to that of a 20-year old human.—*Kentucky State Journal.*

When Barnum's circus train was wrecked the other day the elephants were used in lifting the cars back on the track. Good! And now comes the capital suggestion that an elephant should accompany all picnic parties to lift fat girls over the fences.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A tramp stopped at a house on Main street the other day and asked for something to eat. "Which do you like best?" asked the hired girl—"steak or chops?" The tramp meditated a minute, and then replied, "Chop." "Step right this way," said the hired girl. "Here's the axe, and there's the wood-pile."—*Burlington Free Press.*

THE GRAB-BAG.

The greatest Irish agitator—Potheen.—*Punch.*

Sitting Bull gets $50 a week in a circus side show. He has taken to scalping the pockets of the white man, a much more profitable procedure than raising the hair.—*Hartford Post.*

A Western paper says: "Mr. Meeker, of Argo, Col., has a duck that laid an egg with a nickel embedded in its yolk." This is not a freak of nature. It is a California newspaper lie.—*Daily Graphic.*

A merchant who died suddenly not long ago, left on his desk a letter he had intended mailing to correspondent. An Irish clerk finding it sent it off after adding the postscript: "Since writing the above I have died."—*Fort Wayne Hoosier.*

He—"In what respect does billiards change my usual disposition?" She (naively)—"Does it change your disposition?" He—"Yes; in billiards I never 'kiss' when I can help it, whereas ordinarily—" She—"You never kiss if anybody else can help it."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

The phrase "dark horse," in the sense in which it is commonly used in this country, was first used by Thackeray in his "Adventures of Philip." Said Philip, referring to some talk about a candidate for Parliament: "Well, bless my soul, he can't mean me. Who is the dark horse he has in his stable?"

The Hartford *Courant* discusses the question whether or not "Chinese" Gordon is a religious crank. It says he puts more trust in divine than in human interposition. But this does not prove him to be a "crank." He would be a fool if he put much trust in human interposition of the British variety, at least for the present.—*New York Tribune.*

If your beard is not of a pleasing shade, remedy the defect by the use of Buckingham's Dye for the whiskers.

POWDER AND BANGS.

Miss Maud Howe has been ill at her home in Boston for several days. Her sickness is the result of overwork.

Miss Emily Faithfull, the English philanthropist, was 48 years old on the 27th ult.

Sergeant Molly Pitcher, of whom every American schoolboy knows, was a stout, red-haired, freckle-faced young Irish woman, with a handsome, piercing eye.

Miss Rachel Ewing, the oldest teacher in the Pittsburg schools, has resigned at the age of 76. She has not by her lifework made as much money as some bank presidents, but she has probably rendered as much service to the world.

Miss Washburn, of Chicago, who is rivaling Miss Chamberlain as an American beauty in London, is reported to have such additional accomplishments as singing, piano playing, painting, horseback riding and speaking all the modern languages.

A portrait of Mrs James K. Polk, by Mr. George Dury, a Nashville artist, has been shipped to the White House by a committee of which Mrs. Alexander J. Porter was President; Miss Mary Maxwell, also of Nashville, Treasurer; Miss Clara Barton, Secretary, and Miss Frances E. Willard, of Illinois, the remaining member of the Executive Committee.

125 Years Old.

Messrs. Francis Newbery & Son, London, England, established for 125 years, writes: As a testimonial from one of the oldest drug houses in Great Britain, respecting your household remedy, will no doubt be of interest to you, we are pleased to make the statement that we have sold St. Jacobs Oil with satisfaction to the public for several years, and that owing to the extraordinary merits of the article, the demand is continually increasing, and that we have heard of many favorable reports regarding its great virtue as a pain-curing remedy.

WEEDS FOR THE WIDOWS.

A young widow's beauty is like the flowers of June—the brighter by contrast with the "weeds."—*Philadelphia Call.*

"I make a shift to get along," remarked the widow despondently, "but it's sew hard."—*Pittsburg Dispatch-Telegraph.*

A man has just been hung out West for killing his sister-in-law. His widow hardly knows how to dress under the circumstances.—*Lowell Citizen.*

There are 48,644 young widows in Bengal. With so many weeds about, a man out there must have some difficulty in keeping a garden.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Oliver Wendell Holmes says "Easy crying widows take new husbands soonest." Certainly! When a woman loses a husband that she can't even cry for, she is in no haste to venture again.—*Philadelphia Call.*

"It isn't possible that you swim, Mr. Jones?" "Yes, madam, I do. Why do you think it so strange?" "Because, Mr. Jones, the idea of you taking to water, is very funny." Jones thinks some widows are entirely too sharp, and now is looking for some one else to love.—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

"There is no calamity could befall a woman which I have not suffered," said an Indianapolis woman to her husband. "Oh, no, my dear; not so bad as that. For instance you are not a widow," he answered sweetly. She held her breath two seconds, and then retorted: "I said 'calamity,' sir."—*Boston Star.*

What everybody says must be true. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure for Catarrh in the market. Price 75 cents.

Introduction of the Polka into England.

The polka, introduced some 40 years ago, was represented at the time as the invention of a Bohemian nobleman who had seen better days. If this impoverished magnate had taken out a patent for his dance, he might have made an immense fortune by it. As it was, it must have put much money into the pockets of dancing masters; for when the polka was suddenly introduced, every one had to learn it. It seemed novel both in rhythm and in step, though as a matter of fact the rhythm was precisely that of the Polish national dance, known as the Krakoviak, or in French Cracovienne, the traditional dance of the peasants about the neighborhood of Cracow, fitted with an appropriate tune, which is popular throughout Poland, but especially in the vicinity of its place of origin. The polka, however, was not destined to enjoy the long-continued favor of the waltz, which has virtually banished from London ball-rooms all other dances.—*English Illustrated Magazine.*

Life Preserver.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

A Battle Between Birds.

Mr. C. K. Bushnell, of Bean Hill, has 14 martin boxes on his premises, which have long been occupied by the birds. Last Winter the plucky English sparrows took possession of the boxes and held them until Spring, when the martins returned. A bird war ensued, and as a result the martins have recovered 12 of the boxes. The sparrows still hold two boxes, which they have so valiantly defended that they have been left in quiet possession of them.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

The Camp Fire.

SEASONABLE MEMORIES.

SECOND WEEK IN JUNE, 1863.

After the zeal and courage of "Bull" Sumner had defeated the Rebel attempt to crush our isolated Third and Fourth Corps at Fair Oaks and Seven Pines, McClellan got his army across Chickahominy, where he let it lie for many days in the pestiferous swamps, which were more deadly to the men than the bullets of the enemy. The Rebels, at last wearying of waiting for his advance, resolved to do something themselves. On Thursday, June 13, J. E. B. Stuart, with 2,000 cavalry, started out from Richmond, to pass around our flank and reach our rear. He succeeded in doing so, and inflicted much damage on wagons, trains, and collections of stores. He was so successful in his attempt that he conceived the bold scheme of riding clear around the army, and actually did so, passing within two miles of McClellan's headquarters.

June 8th Gen. Fremont, commanding one of the columns sent up the Shenandoah after Stonewall Jackson, brought his enemy to bay at Cross Keys, and after a sharp little battle drove him from the field.

On the 16th of June Gens. Williams and Stevens, who were encamped on James' Island, in the neighborhood of Charleston, decided to attack some batteries which annoyed their camp, but were repulsed with a heavy loss.

SECOND WEEK IN JUNE, 1863.

The Army of the Potomac, discovering that its old enemy had left its front and was marching into Pennsylvania, picked itself up and started in hot pursuit.

The Army of the Cumberland was making ready for its Tullahoma campaign.

The Army of the Tennessee was driving forward its parallels against the doomed City of Vicksburg.

The Army of the Gulf, besieging Port Hudson, suffered a severe repulse, in attempt to carry the works by assault.

SECOND WEEK IN JUNE, 1864.

Gen. Sherman in advancing upon Atlanta, was seriously annoyed by Johnson's continued extension of the Rebel lines, compelling our people to make a far reaching movements to get on the flank. To stop this Sherman resolved to break through the attenuated lines at the next favorable opportunity, and this seemed to present itself at Kenesaw. The story is thus told in one of the reports:

Kenesaw mountain, with its almost equally formidable neighbors, Pine and Lost mountains, now loomed before him, with Rebel lines two miles long covering the points not impregnable by nature—lines which the enemy were actively strengthening each hour. Here Sherman balled per force, and studied and planned and manuvered; finally attempting to force, by sharp fighting, a way between Kenesaw and Pine mountains. In the desultory conflict that ensued, Lieut-Gen. Polk, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Louisiana, was instantly killed by a cannon-ball. He was engaged, with Johnston and Hardee, in making observations, when they were observed on our side, and two shots fired at them—it was said by Thomas's order—the first of which scattered the party to places of safety, but Polk soon tired of his, and coming out to watch the firing, was struck in the side by a three-inch shot, which tore him to pieces. He never spoke or breathed thereafter.

It being evident that we were steadily though slowly gaining ground, especially on our right, a sally and attack were made by the enemy, led by Hood, with intent to interpose between Thomas's right and Schofield's left, near what was known as "the Kulp house." The blow fell on Williams's division of Hooker's corps, and Hascall's of Schofield's army, but utterly failed—the enemy being repulsed from our lines with heavy loss, including some prisoners.

Sherman now determined to assault in turn, and did so, after careful preparation, at two points, south of Kenesaw, and in front of Gens. Thomas and McPherson respectively; but the enemy's position was fortified, at fearful cost, absolutely impregnable—each attack being signally repulsed, with an aggregate loss of 5,000, including Gens. Harker and Dan. McCook, killed, and Col. Rice, with other valuable officers, badly wounded. The Rebels, thoroly sheltered by their works, reported their loss at 442.

CHRONOLOGY.

1861.

June 10, Great Bethel, Va—1st, 2d, 3d, 5th and 7th New York, 4th Massachusetts, and a detachment of 2d U S Artillery.

June 11, Romney, W Va—11th Indiana.

1862.

June 9, Baldwin, Miss—2d Iowa and 2d Michigan Cavalry.

June 9, Fort Republic, Va—5th, 7th, 29th and 66th Ohio, 8th and 110th Pennsylvania, 7th Indiana and 1st West Virginia, and Batteries E, 4th U S, and A and L 1st Ohio Artillery.

June 10, James Island, S C—Organizations not given; from official reports.

June 11, Monterey, Owen County, Ky—Capt Blood's Mounted Provost Guards and 13th Indiana Battery.

June 12, Waddell's Farm, near Village Creek, Ark—Detachment of the 9th Illinois Cavalry.

June 13, Old Church, Va—5th U S Cavalry.

June 13, James Island, S C—Organizations not recorded.

June 14, Tunstall Station, Va—Confederates firing into a railroad train; Union loss, 4 killed, 8 wounded.

June 16, Secessionville (or Fort Johnson), James Island, S C—46th, 47th and 79th New York, 3d Rhode Island, 3d New Hampshire, 45th, 97th and 100th Pennsylvania, 6th and 7th Connecticut, 5th Michigan and 28th Massachusetts, 1st New Jersey Brigade, 1st Connecticut Batteries E, 3d U S, and 1,3d Rhode Island Artillery, and Company H, 1st Massachusetts Cavalry.

1863.

June 9, Fort Lyons, Va—3d New York Artillery; accidental explosion of a magazine.

June 9, Monticello and Rocky Gap, Ky—2d and 7th Ohio and 1st Kentucky Cavalry, 43th Ohio and Tennessee Mounted Infantry.

June 9, Beverly Ford and Brandy Station, Va—2d, 3d and 7th Wisconsin, 2d and 33d Massachusetts, 6th Maine and 86th and 106th New York 1st, 2d, 5th and 6th U S, 3d, 6th, 8th, 9th and 19th New York, 1st Maryland, 8th Illinois, 3d Indiana, 1st New Jersey, 1st, 6th and 17th Pennsylvania, 1st Maine and 3d West Virginia Cavalry.

June 9, Triune, Tenn—Gen Mitchell's Cavalry Division.

June 10, Lake Providence, La—Organiz

Answers to Correspondents

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Maths matical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this Department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE's endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondent's Department."

W. M. B., Boyles' Springs, Ala.: Address Register Land Office, at either Huntsville or Montgomery, Ala.

C. E. F., Rhodes, Iowa:
Give the date of the birth of Robert Lincoln.
August 1, 1843, in Springfield, Illinois.

Mr. W. S. Pulaskiville, ——: We are unable to give the information required. Write to the Adjutant General U. S. A., Washington, D. C., enclosing stamped and addressed envelope.

A. K. K., Big Springs, Iowa:
How many bills may be passed or pending in this Congress to pension the soldiers of the Mexican war?
There are two or three bills to pension Mexican soldiers now pending in Congress.

W. F. S., Solomon City, Kansas:
1. Has the Indian Territory ever been surveyed into sections? 2. Is there any portion subject to homestead? 3. Is there any likelihood of it coming in for homestead soon?
1-2-3. No.

F. R., Almont, Mich:
What is meant by striking out the enacting clause, and what effect does it have on a bill?
It means to kill the bill, and if the motion carries the bill dies. It sometimes happens that legislative bodies amend a bill by substituting something of entirely different import immediately following the enacting clause. In the House of Representatives a motion to strike out the enacting words of a bill has precedence of a motion to amend; hence it is an expeditious way to get rid of the whole subject.

Sub., Clarksburg, Mo.:
Do the laws of England prohibit the exportation of goods manufactured in that country in other than British vessels?
They formerly did, but they now allow free commercial intercourse except as regards the coasting trade of the British possessions in Asia, Africa and America, so far qualified, however, that in case of ships of those nations which do not concede to British ships like privileges, prohibitions and restrictions may be imposed.

J. M. A., Sheboygan Falls, Wis.:
Will you inform me on what kind of paper manuscripts are written, and how they are sent for publication?
Printing paper is the cheapest. Cut to convenient size, about twice as large as ordinary note paper; number the pages, write plain, and on one side of the sheet. Don't take it for granted that a printer "knows everything," and can guess at proper names. Leave off flourishes; they don't count in a printing office. The use of Italic is a relic of barbarism.

E. H. P., Diamond Springs, Kan.:
Give me a sure cure for third day ague.
The following is said to be a sure cure for fever and ague and intermittent fever: Take 40 grains sulphate of quinine, 30 grains powdered liquorice, and 10 grains gum myrrh; make into 40 pills; take two pills every two hours for the first 24 hours; two pills every four hours for the second 24 hours; and the remainder, one at night before going to bed, and one in the morning, first thing. If you object to quinine, try this: Peruvian bark, two ounces; wild cherry tree bark, one ounce; cinnamon, one drachm, all pulverized; capsicum, one teaspoonful; sulphur, one ounce; port wine, two quarts; let stand a day or two. Dose, a wineglassful every two or three hours in the day until broken, then two or three days until all is used. Always buy the Peruvian bark and pulverize it, as most ready pulverized articles are adulterated.

E. M. A., Constant, Kan.:
1. Who was Hayne, hung at Charleston, S. C.? 2. What was his crime? 3. Was there another New York in the world, and if so, where is it? 4. Is it generally believed that Washington ever swore?
1. Hayne was a resident of South Carolina, who, upon assurance that he would not be required to bear arms against his country, signed a declaration of allegiance to the King. The British broke their obligation with him, and Hayne joined the American army, and was eventually commissioned a Colonel of militia. He was soon after captured, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be hung. 2. A New York politician, who appropriated several millions of the people's money while holding office. He was convicted and sent to jail, escaped, was recaptured, and while confined in the Ludlow Street Jail died. 3. Yes; there is a New York in Iowa, and one also in Texas. 4. It is supposed that he did occasionally use a cuss word.

H. L., X Lanes, W. Va.:
St. Where can I get the books entitled "Old Curiosity Shop," "Tower of London" and "Windsor Castle?" 2. Give a sketch of the life of Alfred the Great.
1. Write to Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo, O. 2. He was the youngest son of Ethelwolf, King of the West Saxons, and Osburga, daughter of Oslac the Goth, who inherited the blood of the sub-Kings of the Isle of Wight. His mother was a remarkable woman, and to her teachings Alfred owed much of his success in life. At the age of five years he was sent to Rome, where Pope Leo IV. anointed him with the royal unction. Ethelwolf died in 858, leaving his dominions to Ethelbold and Ethelbert, and his personal estate to his younger sons, Ethelbred and Alfred. Ethelwolf dying soon after, was succeeded by Ethelbert, and he dying in 866, left the throne to Ethelbred, who made Alfred his Prime Minister and General of his armies. He speedily distinguished himself by gaining a great victory over the Danes at the battle of Ashdown. Ethelbred dying in 871, Alfred found himself, at the age of 22, the monarch of a distracted Kingdom. He was defeated by the Danes at Wilton, but each party being exhausted by the long struggle, a treaty of peace was concluded, and the Danes withdrew to London. In 878 he defeated seven Danish rovers, and that was the first naval victory gained by Englishmen. In 877, being unable to resist the Danes, he retired to the little island of Athelney, where with a few faithful adherents he matured his plans for repelling the invasion. Popular tradition says he distinguished himself as a harper, and obtained admission to the Danish camp, where his skill was so much admired that he was retained to play before King Gorm and his chiefs. Having obtained all the information he desired, he withdrew, collected his forces, surprised and completely defeated them, in May, 878. This success enabled him to put his Kingdom into a state of defense and to increase his navy. After the repose of a few years an immense number of Danes landed in Kent, but they were defeated, and peace was maintained till 893, when another large force, led by the famous Hastings, landed, but after a struggle which lasted four years they were completely subdued. Alfred is said to have been engaged in 56 battles by sea and land, although his valor as a warrior has excited less admiration than his wisdom as a legislator. He was a learned prince, composed several works, and translated others from the Latin. He divided the 24 hours into three equal parts; one he devoted to the service of God; another to public affairs, and the third to rest and enjoyment. He invited learned men from all parts, endowed schools and founded University College. He formed a Parliament, which met in London twice a year. He composed a body of statutes, instituted trial by jury, and divided the Kingdom into shires and tithings. He was so vigorous in his government that robbery was unheard of. To Alfred, also, is England indebted for the foundation of her naval establishment, and he was the first to send out ships to make the discovery of a northeast passage. He died in London, in 901, leaving two sons and three daughters.

A. B. W., (no Postoffice):
Is there a firm in St. Louis that buys silk cocoons?
Do not know.

W. F., Dublin, Ill.:
Can a man buy government land for his mother in Washington Territory?
Yes. Write to Register Land Office, Walla Walla, Wash. Ter.:

T. J. P., Thomson, Carroll Co., Ill.:
1. Who was the author of "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night?" 2. Where can I find it?
1. Rosa Hartwick, we believe? 2. A beautiful illustrated edition of this poem is published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, at $1.50.

J. W., Galicher, O.:
In what year were there but two silver half-dollars coined?
We cannot find any record that but two half dollars were coined in any one year. There were a number of years in which none were coined, and in 1797 there were but 136—the smallest amount we find.

J. G. W., Broughton, Ill.:
1. If the Mexican pension bill passes, will Mexican soldiers who are now drawing pensions from the late war, receive additional pensions? 2. If not, why?
1. We have not seen a copy of the bill. 2. If the pension granted by the bill is more than they now receive, the difference should be made up.

G. B., Florence, Oreg.:
I see in your paper an item in regard to an Indian suing for the rights of citizenship, to be argued before the Supreme Court at Washington. As it is an important matter in this State, I would like to know how the case was decided.
Watch the BLADE, and when the case is decided you will find particulars.

Sub., Fort Washakie, W. T.:
What was the origin of the term, "the bloody shirt," and by whom and in what year?
Our recollection is that the phase was coined by a newspaper correspondent during a Congressional debate in war times. There are numerous claimants for the authorship of "the bar'l," "boom," "bloody shirt," etc.

Reader, Greenville, Pa.:
1. Do not the yeas and nays in Congressional proceedings mean yes and no? 2. If so, how was the Morrison bill defeated, when the yeas exceeded the nays by four? 3. Would the passage of the bill have been a benefit to any special class of people? 4. In what way does England enforce the opium traffic upon the Chinese?
1. Yes. 2. The motion was to strike out the enacting clause—to kill the bill—and killed it was. 3. It is not known just what the effect would have been, but the proposition was to reduce tariff duties about 20 per cent., besides putting a number of articles, now subject to duty, on the free list. 4. England has treaty stipulations with the Chinese Government, exacted as the result of two opium wars, by which the Chinese authorities are restrained from prohibiting the import of, or placing deterrent duties upon, Indian opium. As England derives a revenue of $42,000,000 a year from the traffic, it is a difficult matter to convince an Englishman that there is anything wrong about the matter.

W. J. L., Edwardsville, Ind.:
1. Pl ase inform me how to make a preparation for bronzing gun barrels, and in what way is it applied? 2. What is the philosophy in having the grooves in a rifle spiral instead of straight?
1. Mix one ounce each aqua-fortis and sweet spirits of nitre; four ounces powdered blue vitriol; two ounces tincture of iron, and water, 1¼ pints; agitate until dissolved. Or: Mix equal parts of butter of antimony and sweet oil, and apply the mixture to the iron, previously warmed. The gun barrel to be browned must be first polished and then rubbed with whiting to remove the oily matter. Its two ends should be stopped with wooden rods, which serve as handles, and the touch-hole filled with wax. Then rub on the solution with a linen rag or sponge till the whole surface is equally moistened. Let it remain till the next day, then rub it off with a stiff brush. The liquid may be again applied until a proper color is produced. When this is the case, wash in pearlash water, and afterwards in clean water, and then polish, either with the burnisher or with beeswax, or apply a coat of shellac varnish. The varnish used for gun barrels, after they are bronzed, is made by dissolving one ounce of shellac and one or two drachms of dragon's blood in a quart of alcohol, and filtering the solution through blotting paper into a bottle, which must be kept closely corked. This varnish, being laid on the barrel, and become perfectly dry, must be rubbed with a burnisher to render it smooth and glossy. 2. The spiral groove gives to the bullet, if it fits into the grooves, a rotation rapid in proportion to the force of the explosion and the sharpness of the twist in the spiral. This revolution of the bullet on its own axis keeps that axis, gravity excepted, in the line in which it leaves the piece.

G. A., Ross, O:
1. If the husband dies, and there are no children, in the absence of a will, does the wife inherit all the property or only what he has earned? 2. If so, has she the right to dispose of it at her death? 3. If the husband has inherited money or property, does that go to the wife at his death? 4. In case it does, can she dispose of it also? 5. What and where is Sparta? 6. Where does Mrs. Harriet B. Stowe live?
1-2-3-4. We have answered these questions so often that they are becoming monotonous. Better consult a lawyer. 5. In antiquity, the capital of Laconia and the chief city of the Peloponnesus. It was on the right bank of the Eurotas, about 20 miles from the sea, in a valley of remarkable beauty and fertility. The private houses of Sparta, built since the war of independence, occupies one of the hills in the south part of the ancient site. Its streets are laid out on a large scale, and it has a population of about 9,000. According to tradition, the Leleges were the most ancient inhabitants, and Lelex, the first King, in the vale of the middle Eurotas. Lacedæmon, son of Jupiter and Taygete, married Sparta, third in descent from Lelex, and gave the name of his wife to the city which he founded, and his own name to the people and country. During the mythical era of the Achæn monarchies, Menelaus reigned at Sparta, as Agamemnon at Mycenæ and Diomedes at Argos. After the Dorian invasion and conquest of the Peloponnesus, under the Heraclidæ, Sparta fell to Eurysthenes and Procles, the twin sons of the Heracid Aristodemus; and from that epoch date the long succession of two joint Kings, and the distinction between the conquerors, who were called Spartans, and the native Achæns, who became tributary. 6. She spends most of her time in Florida. Her home is in Hartford, Conn.

D. M., Nance, Kan.:
1. Is the disease called black leg in cattle, contagious? 2. Is the disease curable? If so, what is the remedy? 3. What is the cause that produces the disease?
1. It is not only communicable to all domestic animals, but even to man, when it is known as "malignant pustule." 2. No very successful method of treatment has been discovered. All bleeding, purging and lowering medicines are hurtful, and all local applications to blacken the swelling are useless. The following is said to be the best treatment: Chloride of potash, one-half ounce; water, one pint; mix and give three times a day. In blain, and wherever the disease arises from inoculation, (as in "malignant pustule" in man), the great majority of cases can be cured if seen at an early period. The treatment, however, must be prompt. The vesicle or pustule must be freely opened with a lancet or sharp knife, from end to end, and the raw surface thus exposed thoroughly mopped with a chloride of zinc solution (20 grains to the ounce of water), with tincture of the chloride of iron, with sulphuric or nitric acid, nitrate of mercury or of silver, or some other efficient caustic. The hot iron itself is the best in some locations. All animals that die of any form of this disease should be buried at once, as their flesh is poisonous to man and beast, and the odor from their decaying bodies is believed to disseminate the disease. 3. It arises from contagion; from spoiled and tainted food; from pasturing in low swamps and among stagnant pools, and from hot and damp seasons. It is most commonly seen in summer and autumn, especially when the temperature is high and rain frequent. Able writers believe that the contagious principle of charbon or anthrax consists of extremely minute vegetable organisms which are found in the blood in vast quantities. They are in the shape of rods, and are so extremely small that eight or ten millions may exist in a single drop of diseased blood. Flies can carry the disease on their feet and proboscees. An oxyoke worn by an infected animal has been known to carry the infection to a well one; and even grain and straw grown on a soil where a diseased animal has been buried, is said to communicate the malady. Symptoms: The animal becomes languid, the ears drop, the eyes are red, the mouth and nose hot and dry, and the pulse rapid and feeble. In the course of a short time swellings appear about the loins, back, head, brisket or legs. The appetite is entirely lost, and the bowels are constipated. A remarkable form of the disease prevailed among cows and heifers in Nebraska about 14 yeas ago, when it was asserted that the early application of crude petroleum to and in the vagina cured some cases.

H. F. B., Rico, Col.: Write to Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo, O.

W. O. Chamberlin, Gaylord, Mich.: Write to Brown, Eagar & Co., Toledo, O.

If the subscriber who some time ago requested us to publish "Mary of the Wild Moor" will send a stamped and directed envelope, the song will be mailed.

Ell, Hesper, Iowa:
Does the Postoffice law require a Postmaster to read before distributing postal cards received at his office?
Yes; but he should not disclose the contents.

J. L. K., Centralia, Ills.:
Is the bill in Congress prohibiting the importation of foreign pauper labor under contract a Democratic or Republican measure?
It was introduced by a Republican, we think. At any rate, it is a Republican measure now, as the National Convention endorsed it.

G. W. C., Fort Lyon, Col.:
Please inform me who the officials are that have charge of the directories in the several cities of the United States and Europe and how I should address letters to them.
Address the different Postmasters, with request to hand your letters to the directory men. This is the only plan we know of.

A. C. M., Eureka, Ill.:
Please give a short history of the origin of the G. A. R., and something about the founders of the organization.
Dr. W. M. Gray, of Pittsburg, Pa., recently contributed the following to the columns of the Dispatch, of that City: "At the commencement of the war Dr. B. F. Stephenson and myself were partners in the practice of medicine in Petersburg, Monond County, Ill. Dr. S. was also at that time Professor of Anatomy in the Iowa University, lecturing in Keokuk in the Winter, and returning home at the close of the session. Both of us at that time were well acquainted with Mr. Lincoln, and Dr. S. was a great friend of his, both socially and politically. We both entered the army as surgeons and served through the entire war. After our return home, Dr. Stephenson opened an office in Springfield, Ills., and at once conceived the plan of a political order, to be composed of the discharged soldiers, and at once began to plan and form the order. For various reasons, principally that an order such as he contemplated would keep alive the bad feeling between the North and South, I declined to join it at that time, though often urged to do so. However, the new order soon took root, and grew astonishingly, but as was to be expected, some of the far seeing political leaders were soon at its head, but as all know, it was soon found that its political character rendered it obnoxious to so many of the old veterans, that its character was then changed to what it now is—and as a consequeece it spread with astonishing rapidity over the whole loyal North. Dr. Stephenson died in 1871, and I was with him at the time of his death, and for several days before. He was buried at the Rock Creek Cemetery, within half a mile of where he was born. July, 1882, his remains were removed by the G. A. R. from Rock Creek to Rose Hill Cemetery, close to the town of Petersburg, Ill., and situated on a beautiful bluff overlooking the town, and the fertile valley of the Sangamon River."

J. M. M., Seattle, Washington Ter.:
Please give us the late bankrupt law, or some information regarding it. Have seen some notices of the same among Congressional proceedings, yet nothing of the law itself.
The act embraced in its provisions any person owing debts to the amount of more than $300 provable under it. It contained what were called voluntary provisions, under which an insolvent debtor could be the petitioner for his discharge, and involuntary provisions, under which the creditors became the petitioners when they believed an act of bankruptcy had been committed. No debt created by the fraud or embezzlement of the bankrupt, or by his defalcation as a public officer, was barred by a certificate of discharge under the act. Original jurisdiction was possessed by United States District Courts, but Registers in Bankruptcy were appointed, by whom the major part of the business was transacted. The debtor might demand trial by jury. The acts of bankruptcy enumerated were as follows: Departing from the State, Territory or District of which the person was an inhabitant, with intent to defraud his creditors; remaining absent with the like intent; concealing himself to avoid legal processes; concealing or removing property; making an assignment, gift or sale with intent to delay or defraud creditors; being under arrest for a period of seven days on an execution upon a debt provable under the act for more than $100; being actually imprisoned for more than seven days in a civil suit founded on contract, for $100 or upward; procuring or suffering his property to be taken on legal process while bankrupt or insolvent, with intent to give preference to creditors; for fraudulently stopping payment, or having stopped or suspended, and not resuming payment of his commercial paper within 14 days. In the distribution of the bankrupt's estate the following demands were preferred, in the order named: The cost of proceedings; demands owing to the United States; demands owing to the State; wages due to any operative, clerk, or house servant, to an amount not exceeding $50 for labor performed within six months next preceding the first publication of the notice of proceedings; all other debts which by the laws of the United States were entitled to priority, in like manner as if the act had not been passed. There were saved to the bankrupt his necessary household furniture and other articles designated by the assignee, not exceeding in value $500; the wearing apparel of himself and family, and any property exempt from levy and sale by the laws of the United States or by those of the State in force in 1867. With the exception of the exempted property, the assignment under the act carried to the assignee all the estate of the bankrupt, and dissolved all attachments of any of the property made on mense process within four months previous to the commencement of the proceedings. A discharge was granted to the bankrupt as a matter of course, unless he was shown to be guilty of some act forbidden by the statute; but in cases commenced a year after the act went into operation, no discharge was granted unless the assets paid 50 per cent of the debts, or a majority in number and value of the creditors assented; and in cases of second bankruptcy no discharge was granted unless the assets paid 70 per cent., or unless three-fourths in value of the creditors assented, or unless the debts owing at the time of the previous bankruptcy had been paid or released. The maximum punishment provided for violation of the provisions of the act was three months' imprisonment, with or without hard labor.

Delayed Subscriptions.

[NOTE—Subscribers wishing a change in their postoffice address must, in all cases, give their FORMER as well as their PRESENT address.]

It sometimes happens that persons order the BLADE mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will readily be seen from the following list of persons sending money for the BLADE and failing either to sign their names or give their address:

Letter containing $1, dated at Sagora, no County or State, signed Thos. Ainsley.

Letter containing 30c., postmarked at Roanoke, Ind., no name or order.

Letter containing $1, no date, orders specimen copies for Thos. Jones, D. H. Burnett and others.

Letter containing $1, no address, signed G. Drummond.

Letter containing 10c., no address, signed A. P. Higley.

Letter containing $1, no name or address.

Letter containing $1, no address, signed H. E. Barr.

Letter containing money order No. 1,565 for $1.10, postmarked Scio, Oregon, no order or name.

Letter containing $1, from New Lisbon, Wis., no order or name.

Letter containing $1, no date, signed W. Y. Smith.

Letter containing 30c, dated at Mariana, no State, signed Mrs. R. A. Sexton.

Letter containing 30c., no date, signed Wm Campbell.

Letter containing $1, dated at Westerville, Neb., no signature.

Letter containing $1, from Jefferson, O., no signature.

Letter containing $2, dated at Westport, Cal., signed Alex. Gordon, no order.

If Esther A. Gordon, of Bridgeport, will give her full address the error will be corrected.

Letter containing 90c, dated at Monterey, no State, signed Felipe Gomez, P. M.

Letter containing $1, no date, signed C. T. Smallwood.

Letter containing $3.50, dated at Arkansas City, Kan., no signature.

Letter containing $1, dated at Fairmount, no State, signed Antony Waldron.

Letter containing $2.10, no date, signed Thos. Burroughs, Ass't P. M.

Parties remitting money or express order SHOULD ALWAYS give their name and address. We often get money without either, and afterwards inquiries as to the receipt of the money. Our patrons will please bear this in mind, as we can do nothing without their NAME AND ADDRESS IN FULL.

SOLDIERS' CLAIMS.

Every Soldier disabled in service and in line of duty, by wound, injury or disease, is entitled to pension. Widows, Minor Children, Dependent Father or Mother, or minor brothers and sisters of soldiers, whose death was due to military service, are entitled. **Thousands of Pensioners Entitled to Increase.** Honorable Discharges, and Certificates of Lost Discharges, obtained. Charge of desertion removed. Horse claims payable to January, 1884. Bounty still due in many cases. Send 6c. in postage for New Laws, Rulings and Decisions, to H. B. DEBILL & Co., 712 Eleventh St., Washington, D. C

ROMANCE OF A HUMORIST.

How Robert J. Burdette Woed and Won "Her Little Serene Highness."

Carrie Burdette, wife of Robert J. Burdette, who recently died at Ardmore, Penn., was an invalid from her marriage, and the great humorist cared for her as he would a babe, giving her every possible comfort. Mrs. Burdette was the daughter of Auren Garrett, of Peoria, and was married to Burdette fifteen years ago. Her father was opposed to Bob, and he made the course of true love of the young couple anything but smooth. Bob was a clerk in the Postoffice at that time, and Carrie was a beautiful young lady, but with a will of her own that more than matched that of her father.

One day the old man commanded her to discard Bob. She refused, and a violent altercation ensued. Carrie had an undefined trouble in her heart that this precipitated. She was stricken down with a spasm. They sent for Bob and he found her pale and lifeless on the sofa. Here she managed to express a wish that they might be married before she died, and a clergyman was sent for. The marriage of the great humorist was celebrated amid tears and sighs, the orange blossoms absent and only the palor of the dying face looking out from the heap of pillows. Strange to say, she immediately began to recover and she soon regained her former strength. With it, however, was an unaccountable malady.—*Decatur Republican.*

WELL DESCRIBED.

A Woman's Pair of New Shoes.

When a woman has a new pair of shoes sent home she performs altogether different from a man. She never shoves her toes into them and yanks and hauls until she is red in the face and all out of breath, and then goes stamping and kicking around, but pulls them on part way carefully, twitches them off again to take a last look and see if she has got the right one, pulls them on again, looks at them dreamily, says they are just right, then takes another look, stops, suddenly to smoothe out the wrinkle, twists around and surveys them sideways, exclaims, "Mercy, how loose they are," looks at them again square in front, works her feet around so they won't hurt her quite so much, takes them off, looks at the heels, the toe, the bottom and then inside, puts them on again, walks up and down the room once or twice, remarks to her better half that she won't have them at any price, tilts down the mirror so she can see how they look, turns in every possible direction and nearly dislocates her neck trying to see how they look that way, backs off, steps up again, takes 30 or 40 farewell looks, says they make her feet look awful big and will never do in the world, puts them off and on three or four times more, asks her husband what he thinks about it, pays no attention to what he says, goes through it all again and finally says she will take them. It is a very simple matter indeed.—*Chicago Tribune.*

How Drunkards Are Made.

"Now you watch those children. They'll drink half that beer before they get home, and their mother will scold me for not giving a good pint, and I've given nearer a quart," said the bartender of a down town saloon yesterday, referring to two little girls of six and eight, thinly clad, who had come in for a pint of beer.

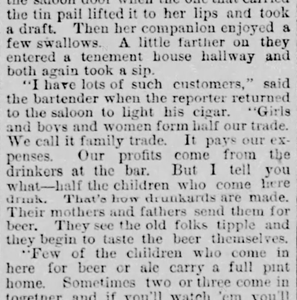
The reporter did watch the young ones. They had scarcely gotten outside the saloon door when the one that carried the tin pail lifted it to her lips and took a draft. Then her companion enjoyed a few swallows. A little farther on they entered a tenement house hallway and both again took a sip.

"I have lots of such customers," said the bartender when the reporter returned to the saloon to light his cigar. "Girls and boys and women form half our trade. We call it family trade. It pays our expenses. Our profits come from the drinkers at the bar. But I tell you what—half the children who come here drink. That's how drunkards are made. Their mothers and fathers send them for beer. They see the old folks tipple and they begin to taste the beer themselves.

"Few of the children who come in here for beer or ale carry a full pint home. Sometimes two or three come in together, and if you'll watch 'em you'll hear one begging the one who carries the pail for a sip. We must sell it, however, when their parents send for it. We are bound to do so. Business is business. We don't keep a Temperance shop."—*New York Herald.*

Wood as Food.

Certain animals have a remarkable power of digesting ligneous tissue. The beaver is an example of this. The whole of its stomach, and more especially that secondary stomach the *cæcum*, is often found crammed or plugged with fragments of wood and bark. I have opened the crops of several Norwegian ptarmigans, and found them filled with no other food than the needles of pines, upon which they evidently feed during the Winter. The birds when cooked were scarcely eatable on account of the strong resinous flavor of their flesh. I may here, by the way, correct the commonly accepted version of a popular story. We are told that when Marie Antoinette was informed of a famine in the neighborhood of Tyrol, and of the starving of some of the peasants there she replied, "I would rather eat pie crust" (some of the story tellers say "pastry") "than starve." Thereupon the courtiers giggled at the ignorance of the pampered Princess who supposed that starving peasants had such an alternative food as pastry. The ignorance, however, was all on the side of the courtiers and those who repeat the story in its ordinary form. The Princess was the only person in the Court who really understood the habits of the peasants of the particular district in question. They cook their meat, chiefly young veal, by rolling it in a kind of dough made of sawdust, mixed with a little coarse flour as will hold it together; then place this man oven or in wood-embers until the dough is hardened to a tough crust, and the meat is raised throughout to the cooking-point. Marie Antoinette said that she would rather eat *croutons* than starve, knowing that these *croutons*, or meat pie-crusts, were given to the pigs; that the pigs digested them, and were nourished by them in spite of the wood sawdust.—*Popular Science Monthly.*



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MEDICAL.

COSTIVENESS

affects seriously all the digestive and assimilative organs, including the Kidneys. When these organs are so affected, they fail to extract from the blood the uric acid, which, carried through the circulation, causes Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

The functions of the Liver are also affected by costiveness, causing

Bilious Disorders.

Among the warning symptoms of Biliousness are Nausea, Dizziness, Headache, Weakness, Fever, Dimness of Vision, Yellowness of Skin, Pains in the Side, Back and Shoulders, Foul Mouth, Furred Tongue, Irregularity in the action of the Bowels, Vomiting, etc.

The Stomach suffers when the bowels are constipated, and Indigestion or

Dyspepsia,

follows. Fetid Breath, Gastric Pains, Headache, Acidity of the Stomach, Waterbrash, Nervousness, and Depression, are all evidences of the presence of this distressing malady. A Sure Relief for irregularities of the Stomach and all consequent diseases, will be found in the use of

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THE WEEKLY BLADE

TOLEDO BLADE CO.. Pubs.

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, June 12, 1884.

Entered at the Postoffice at Toledo as Second-Class Matter.

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TOLEDO, O.

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Circulation Last Week, 112,000.

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,
JAMES G. BLAINE, of Maine.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
JOHN A. LOGAN, of Illinois.

THE BLADE FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

The nomination of BLAINE and LOGAN has awakened an enthusiasm on the part of Republicans, and a bitterness on the part of the opposition, unparalleled in the political history of the country.

The interests of the country demands the election of our National ticket. The next President must be a Republican, and who so good an exponent of Republicanism as JAMES G. BLAINE?

The circulation of sound reading matter is the most effective agency there is in a campaign, especially in its earlier stages. Every family should have, during this Summer, a good, sound newspaper defender of the faith, and should receive it regularly.

This the BLADE will be.

Without infringing upon the space devoted to the other departments that makes the paper so valuable, the BLADE will be the most effective worker in the cause in the country.

We have employed the very best talent attainable, to the end of properly discussing the issues upon which the people are called to pass.

We shall publish all the speeches of note and all the documents bearing upon the questions now before the people.

We shall publish promptly all the political news, from all parts of the United States.

In short, each number of the BLADE will be a campaign document, the best and most effective that can be circulated.

If a family isn't able, or isn't in the habit of taking a paper, the BLADE should be furnished them.

Our rates for the campaign are very low, but to campaign committees and to those who have interest enough in the cause to contribute to its success, we will make a rate so low that anybody can afford to distribute it.

TERMS FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

Single copy three months ..... 30 cts.
Single copy three months with the portrait of Blaine ..... 40 cts.
Clubs of four, three months, without picture ..... 25 cts. each.

For rates for campaign clubs address a postal and receive full particulars.

Now go to work. Raise a club at every Postoffice. We want to circulate the BLADE at every Postoffice from Maine to Texas and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We shall make it the best political paper in the country, and the best paper, outside of politics, printed anywhere. Raise a club immediately. Address BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

IF the Democracy could unite and present any sort of a front, the campaign this year would be a very warm one. But there is no fight in the demoralized mob. The Protectionists are not particularly anxious for the success of the Free Traders, and the Free Traders are not especially anxious to help out the Protectionists, and the better class of men who have heretofore acted with the party do not desire a Democratic success at all. They are very properly afraid of it. They know what they are going to get under Republican rule, and they do not know what a Democratic triumph might bring forth. The failure of a Democratic Congress to do anything except to oust Republican office-holders has made a Republican triumph a certainty. The country cannot afford a change.

OSMAN DIGNA has taken an oath to capture Suakim before the 10th of this month, in order that EL MAHDI may be able to visit Mecca, the Holy City, without disturbance from the tribes, which would thus be driven out of the way. This is the secret of OSMAN'S persistent attacks upon Suakim.

TWENTY years ago there were only 12 women doctors in the United States, and now there are more than 800. They are some of the very best and most successful workers in the profession, too.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE National Republican Convention concluded its labors on Friday evening and adjourned amid the enthusiastic reception by the country of the ticket it had nominated. Rarely has any Convention ever responded so certainly to the wishes of the people as this has. BLAINE and LOGAN are names which stand forth as ideal Republicans—men identified with every battle fought by the party, and who have always stood in the forefront, where the hardest blows were given and received. It is a combination that electrifies the country, and starts a wave of enthusiasm that will carry the nominees into place and power by one grand resistless impulse.

THE House having failed to effect any reduction of the National revenue by an alteration of the Tariff, the proposal next in order is the abolition or reduction of the Internal Revenue system. On Monday Mr. HISCOCK, of New York, moved to suspend the rules and pass a bill for the repeal of the duties on tobacco and of those on fruit-brandy, and for the exemption from tax of alcohol employed in manufactures. This measure was proposed early in the session, and enjoys the support of the Pennsylvania Democrats and of many Southern members. We doubt the expediency of its provisions as to tobacco and fruit brandy, but we see no reason to doubt the propriety of allowing manufacturers to procure alcohol free of duty for industrial uses. By a special provision in the English revenue system, English manufacturers enjoy this advantage. It is indeed one of the last remnants of protection in England, that the exemption is so arranged as not to apply to imported alcohol. That American manufacturers should be debarred from the use of American alcohol on terms equally favorable certainly is a grievance.

Mr. HEWITT described Mr. HISCOCK'S bill as "a fire-brand thrown into the ranks of the Democratic party." It may be expected to divide the party on nearly the same lines as did the Morrison bill. The Protectionist Democrats are pretty unanimous in advocating the repeal of the Internal Revenue duties, and in this they enjoy the support of a great many Southern Democrats, whose constituents are aggrieved especially by the duty on apple-jack. On the other hand a large number of Republicans will refuse to support any bill to remove or reduce the duties on tobacco and spirits, so that the future of the measure is quite uncertain. A vote on Monday was prevented by an adjournment, but the measure may be taken up at any future session.

OREGON has been holding a State election for the choice of Legislature and State officers. The returns are very imperfect, but they seem to indicate a Republican victory by a diminished vote. The election is of national importance, both as foreshadowing how the State will go next November, and because the Legislature just chosen will have the election of United States Senator. An amendment to the State Constitution establishing woman suffrage was defeated by an immense majority. This innovation seems to get the readiest hearing in the States of the far West, where the preponderance of men over women makes the change less important, and where it is hoped that women would be attracted as settlers by the offer of the suffrage.

THE principal foreign subject of interest is the negotiations of England with reference to the holding of a Conference of the Powers upon Egyptian finance. France remains as obstinate as ever, being determined to open the whole question of the political situation of Egypt. Many of Mr. GLADSTONE'S own party are suspicious that he is not doing all that might be done in this matter for the honor and interests of England, in fact that he is more concerned for the Suffrage bill than anything else.

THE treaty between France and Annam has been finally signed, the arrangements being such as to give France the control of the whole country, which is what she was determined to have from the beginning. She is now endeavoring to get the advantage in Northern Africa, and her operations in that direction will bear watching.

BUT little news has come from the Soudan. OSMAN DIGNA has made another attack upon Suakim that failed, but he swears that he will take it before the 10th of this month. His forces are said to be augmenting rapidly.

THE CAMPAIGN BLADE.

Every Republican in the United States knows the importance of the BLADE during a Presidential campaign. Without a single exception, it leads *all other papers* in circulation and influence. It wields the greatest political influence among the masses, and is the only paper publishing the Nasby Letters.

True Republicans should take pains to see that the BLADE goes into the house of *every family* this Summer, and we will do our part *by placing the price so low that every family can and will have it.*

Our price for a single subscriber three months is 30 cents for BLADE alone, or 40 cents for BLADE three months and our Blaine portrait.

We have, however, campaign terms to agents who will raise us large clubs, *at prices below cost of paper and printing*, making the BLADE *the cheapest paper in the* WHOLE WORLD, as well as the largest and best.

We want agents at every Postoffice in the United States to write us for campaign terms. We also want the names and address of any number of thousands of readers in every State in the Union to whom we can send specimen copies.

We shall make the BLADE the most effective Republican paper in the country without exception.

PEOPLE may as well make up their minds to have the hours numbered from 1 to 24, for it is bound to come. The railroads will shortly adopt the system and everybody will have to follow. A dial has been invented to adapt the present watch movements to the new system. Consecutive hours from 1 to 24 are on a continuous band of ribbon doubled upon itself so that the hours of sunset and sunrise coincide on the dial. While the day hours are on the inner circle the night hours are on an outer circle.

A LITTLE knot of Democratic Senators have hatched up a new ticket: "THURMAN & SLOCUM." This is a feeble imitation of the Republican ticket. THURMAN was at one time to the Democratic party a reduced copy of BLAINE to the Republican. The same is true of SLOCUM, who was an excellent, from-first-to-last, fighting soldier, but of by no means as brilliant a record as Gen. LOGAN.

OUR TICKET.

The Convention at Chicago did its work courageously and well. For the first time in years, the choice of the rank and file of a party was put in nomination. HENRY CLAY was the idol of the Whig party and should have borne its banner, but he never did. Because he was a Whig his party was afraid of him. Either CHASE or SEWARD should have been the candidate of the Republican party in 1860, but both were defeated. In that instance it resulted fortunately, but it was no credit to the Convention. It shelved its representative men, because they were representative men, and ventured upon an experiment.

What HENRY CLAY was to the Whig party BLAINE is to the Republican. He was in at its birth and so fixed is he in its principles that he will be present at its death, if it dies within his time. He is the Republican of Republicans. He is hated by the opposition more intensely than any other Republican, because he is the most intense Republican living. He is not only in accord with his party but is in the extreme advance. He hated slavery with a hatred that had no limit, and he hates all of its outgrowths. He is a believer in protection to American industry, he is a staunch upholder of National integrity, he is a champion of equal rights, of honest money, in short, he is a Republican.

He is the ablest statesman in America, and the boldest. He never held a principle that he was afraid of. He is not afraid of logical consequences. When JAMES G. BLAINE is satisfied that any given policy is right, he is not only willing but eager to follow it to its end.

The readiest debater that ever graced the floor of Congress, a man of studious habits, of broad, comprehensive views, with a magnetism that few ever possessed, he is every inch a man, and in all respects a leader of men.

Of course he has been maligned as few men have. He possesses a power that makes him dangerous to his enemies. His greatness has invited attacks, and he has been the conspicuous mark of calumny. Malicious slander has been poured out upon him in torrents, but to no purpose. His integrity has made him proof against attack. The people know him to be honest, know him to be great in his integrity, as in his other magnificent qualities, and they have never lost confidence in him.

The nomination is one eminently fit to be made. We know exactly what kind of a President we shall have. In this act the party has shown that it is not afraid of itself or its record. The record of BLAINE is the record of the party. All that the party promises in its platform to do BLAINE has been doing all his life. There is nothing milk and-watery in the platform, and there is nothing milk-and-watery in the candidate placed upon it.

With BLAINE as our candidate we shall have what we most desire, and what is necessary at this period in the country's history, a hot campaign. He will win the fight, not by dodging or equivocation, but by the sheer force of the correctness of the principles of which he is, above all others, the representative. An extreme Republican, his election will be a complete vindication of the principles of Republicanism, and an expression of the confidence of the people in the party that, since 1861, has controlled the destinies of the country.

It is because BLAINE is and always has been a pronounced, open, bitter Republican, that we are glad of his nomination. His election next November will be doubly significant. It will be more an endorsement of the principles of the party than of an individual member thereof. It will be the endorsement of one who is a believer from the bottom of his soul, in the principles of his party, and its ablest and boldest defender. JAMES G. BLAINE is the fittest man to lead our columns to victory. In electing him the party vindicates itself.

The selection of Gen. JOHN A. LOGAN for the second place on the ticket was another wise thing. We do not mean by this that it was wise because of the strength his unbounded popularity will give it, but because he is precisely the kind of man, in lesser degree in some respects, as the illustrious head. He is Republican all the way through, a fighting Republican. He is as bold and daring in politics as he was in war, and nothing more can be said than that. So conspicuous and valuable have been his services to his country that it was no presumption in him to aspire to the first place on the ticket—it would have been ingratitude not to give him the second.

There can be no question as to the result. As sure as the sun rises upon election day, JAMES G. BLAINE will be the next President of the United States, and JOHN A. LOGAN the next Vice-President. There will be no divisions, no heart burnings, no sulking. So eminently fit are they for the high honors bestowed upon them, so unmistakable were the preferences of the people, that it is no discredit to any of the other candidates to have been defeated by them.

We raise the ticket with more than satisfaction, and promise whatever in us lies to aid in its triumphant election.

OUR CAMPAIGN PORTRAIT.

According to custom the BLADE will publish a portrait of the Republican candidate for President. This portrait is now being engraved expressly for us. It will be printed on heavy plate paper, size 19 x 24, and as usual will be the best one in the field. It will be fully up to the standard of the Garfield portrait published by us four years ago, which, by the way, was the best one ever made, and the only one approved by the martyred President himself. We do not promise to mail portraits until late in June, as it will take twenty days to produce what we want; but orders may be sent now, which will be filed for mailing from the very first issue. We offer these portraits with or without the BLADE.

Price of portrait alone, 25 cents. Weekly BLADE 3 mos. and portrait, 40 cents. The earliest orders will secure the earliest portraits.

NOTHING would please the BLADE so much as a square stand up fight between the parties. The Republican Convention by nominating BLAINE has given the Democracy their opportunity. If they want a trial of strength they should nominate a man who represents Democratic principles as correctly as BLAINE does Republican. Then the election in November would have some meaning.

THE developments of the Penn Bank failure only shows that it is another to be added to the list of banks which have gone under through going outside of their legitimate business.

THE SILK-STOCKING REPUBLICANS OF BOSTON.

The Boston *Advertiser*, the especial organ of the silk-stocking, kid-glove, standing collar, blue coat and brass-button Republicans of Boston, refuses to support BLAINE. BLAINE cannot claim a descent from the "Mayflower," nor did he inherit a name and money. BLAINE does not live on Beacon street, nor is he the kind of a man who is popular among those who do. BLAINE is a man who commenced life as a teacher, and by sheer force of intellect and industry worked his way up to the very highest round of the ladder. But he has never forgotten that he is made of the same kind of clay as other men. He has never forgotten that he is of the people. There is nothing English about him. He is democratic in his tastes and habits. He is a man of culture but he keeps his culture for use rather than show. He has no family to speak of, his people having been plain farmers in Western Pennsylvania. It is doubtful if he can trace his ancestry three generations, and it is more than doubtful if he cares a straw who or what they were. He makes no pretensions to blood. He has made himself and he knows what he is. That suffices him.

Because he is a commoner, because he does affiliate with the people, because here is nothing English about him, these feeble Republicans of Beacon Hill pull up their shirt collars, pull on their gloves, and amble out of the Republican camp.

They can never forgive BLAINE for being a man, a full-blooded, great-brained man. They do not like the idea of following a man who has not a coat-of-arms, who educated himself and made his own way to eminence. They resent his lack of blood, his lack of pretence, his distaste of varnish, as much as they dislike his boldness and confidence in himself. They will not support a man who despises them because he knows them. This is what is the matter with aristocratic Beacon Hill and its superannuated organ, the Boston *Advertiser*.

The same beings got such a control of the Republican party in Massachusetts, that the decent working end of the party, to kill them out, elected BUTLER Governor. BUTLER made the mistake of supposing that his popularity was what did it. It was nothing of the kind. It was the protest of the hard-working Republicans of Boston against the silk-stockinged and kid-gloved, English-aping aristocracy of the Republican party. They threw BUTLER in the face of the perfumed gentlemen, as a rebuke. Could they have found a more objectionable man to them than BUTLER, they would have elected him.

They hate BLAINE with all their feeble strength, because he is in sympathy with the common people. They hate him, in a sort of emasculated way, because he is as far removed from their bastard aristocracy as possible. They hate him because he is not of them, because in times past he has punctured their pretences, derided their claims to superiority over the rest of mankind, because he has respect for labor and what labor accomplishes, because he is a bitter, uncompromising opponent of aristocracy and class, because he is one of the people and a representative man of the people.

And the organ of this class in Boston, the *Advertiser*, professedly a Republican paper, refuses to support BLAINE and will do all in its power to elect a Democrat.

Fortunately it will amount to nothing. Like the class it represents, it is purely a dress parade affair. The merchants, manufacturers, and working men of Boston will walk over these carriers of pouncet-boxes remorselessly, and Massachusetts will give BLAINE her old-time majority.

THE "SHOP" VERSUS BLAINE.

Inconceivably the most important expression of opinion on the Republican nominations was that contained in Saturday's BLADE, in a cablegram from London. It was this:

Under the heading "A Beaconsfield Beyond the Sea," the *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "Blaine's nomination is the most notable event for England since the Lincoln assassination. Wherever Blaine can oust the British from positions they hold on the American continent, he will endeavor to replace English influence and trade by American. His menacing intimation that he disregards the Clayton-Bulwer treaty is an evil augury for the future relations of England and America. His intervention in Peru was most ominous, when he declared he disliked England to win commercial triumphs in fields which legitimately belong to America. England will watch with extreme solicitude the progress of the campaign."

This is the reason of the hostility of England to BLAINE—it is the reason of the determined opposition of a part of the New York press and business men, and of the Boston business men and papers to the man from Maine.

Wherever English influence is manifested those men who are subjected to it oppose Mr. BLAINE vehemently. Why? *Because Mr. Blaine is a representative American.*

That is all. Mr. BLAINE believes in ruling America for Americans. He believes that it should be ruled for Americans just as England is ruled by GLADSTONE for Englishmen, just as BISMARCK rules Germany for Germans; just as GREVY rules France for Frenchmen. That is, American trade must be extended, American home production must be fostered and encouraged, American citizens abroad must be respected and protected, and in every way in which the power of the Government can be legitimately exerted it must be exerted to build up our Nation, develop our commerce, and exalt our dignity and honor.

This is precisely what the English, and those who are under English influence most dread having done. They fear more than anything else the entrance of this mighty Nation with its enterprise and influence into competition with them in the markets of the world. They would like to have us ruled like the Chinese—shut out from all foreign intercourse, opening our ports just wide enough to let in the goods they want to sell us, and to let out the money and the cheap food they get in return. They would have our wealth, our enterprise, our vast mass of intelligent people count for as little upon civilization as the Chinese's.

The opponents of Mr. BLAINE in New York and Boston have a direct dollars-and-cents interest to animate them. They are living now on the trade with England. Every dollar's worth of goods that we buy of England comes through their hands and pays them tribute. Every bushel of grain or bale of cotton that we ship to England passes through their warehouses, and pays them a profit. It is to their manifest interest that we shall not manufacture so much as a nail or a yard of cloth in this country, but have them buy for us in England all that we need.

It is the "shop" and nothing but the shop which makes the English dislike and fear Mr. BLAINE. It is the reflection of and sympathy with the same selfish reason that animates the New York and Boston opposition to him.

THE PLATFORM.

Platforms are sometimes important, and sometimes not. Whether they mean anything or not depends very much upon who makes them, and the spirit behind them. A resolution denouncing municipal corruption by JOHN KELLY, and voted through with a hurrah by men of his ilk, would have no meaning, any more than would resolutions denouncing railroad wrecking and the buying of electoral votes by a Convention of Tildens. Neither would especially impress the people.

The platform adopted by the Republican Convention at Chicago is thoroughly admirable. It is as plain as words can make it. It says just enough and not too much. It does not promise the people a millenium under Republican rule, nor does it pledge the party to impossibilities, but it does set forth the views of the party upon all questions now before the people, in a clear, distinct, unequivocal way.

It declares for a Tariff which shall be something more than "for Revenue only." It would have the collection of duties arranged not only for revenue, but for protection to American labor and the building up of infant industries. Admitting that there are faults in the present Tariff it pledges the party to correct them, as fast as it can be done without injury to vital interests. Nothing can be clearer than the position the party has taken upon this question.

Equally clear and distinct is the position taken upon money and inter-state commerce. The Republican party is pledged to the protection of the people against the encroachment of consolidated capital, and the pledge means something.

The resolution relating to the protection of American free labor against coolie and contract importations, will be read with interest. The importation of coolie labor from China, and contract labor from Europe, is denounced and very properly. The Republican party will welcome to our shores the citizens of the world, but having abolished negro slavery it will not have bondage in another form.

The resolutions relating to Civil Service Reform, Land Monopoly, Pensions, the Foreign Policy of the Government, the Navy, Territorial Appointments, and the Mormon Problem, are all clear and easily understood. There is no equivocation, no double-dealing, no sentences that admit of two constructions.

The States Rights plank is just as clear. The Union is not a mere confederation of States, but a Nation. It is not a rope of sand. The reserved rights of the States are recognized, but, within its sphere, the National Government is pronounced paramount.

This platform means something, because it is only a recapitulation of the history of the party from its organization. There is no juggling with words, no declarations which are meaningless and made only to catch votes. The past is the guaranty for the future. The Republican party fought a long and bloody war for the destruction of Slavery and the heresy of States' Rights which was its support. It has maintained a tariff system ever since its beginning, under which our manufactures have been increased miraculously, and which has given prosperity to every department of labor, and it has protected agriculture and nursed diversified industries. It has done whatever has been done for the protection of American artisans, against imported contract labor. It has given the country the best system of money the world ever saw, and whatever has been accomplished in the direction of Civil Service Reform, the Republican party is to be credited with.

The organization has never been ashamed of its principles, and has never deserted them for temporary success. When the Greenback craze swept over the country the Democracy seized it as a drowning man does a straw, and achieved a victory. The Republican party, true to its record and true to the people, accepted defeat in the interest of honest money. The outcry against the National banking system was met in the same spirit, and the result was the same. At once conservative and progressive, embracing all the best elements in our civilization, when the Republican party enunciates a principle it means it, and the people may be sure that its professions will crystalize into practice. It has a past of which it is proud, and it will do nothing in the future that will shame it.

The platform is an admirable one, and it will be accepted by a vast majority of the American people.

WILL THERE BE WAR?

The most stupid of the arguments urged against Mr. BLAINE is that in the event of his election he is likely to endanger the cordial relations now existing between the United States and foreign nations, and possibly plunge the country into a needless war.

This is absurd for the reason that wars in this day and age are not entered upon without good and sufficient reasons, which receives the approbation of the majority of the people. The greatest autocrat in the world can not make war of his own volition. It is the people who fight the battles who say now-a days whether wars shall be made or not.

It is true that LOUIS NAPOLEON and King WILHELM brought on the Franco-Prussian war 12 years ago, but they could not have done so if their peoples had not been ready to spring at each other's throats, at any time in the last quarter of a century. It took fully 50 years to bring the people of the North and South to the point of fighting each other.

It took very many years of reciprocal aggressions across the Rio Grande, to provoke the Mexican war.

So it is with all wars. Before there is any fighting done—before there is any appeal to "the last argument of Kings," there must be many years of growing enmity—of cultivated animosities, of reciprocal injuries, and in all this time no effort is left untried to effect a peaceable solution.

This is arguing on the presumption that Mr. BLAINE might not be averse to a war—a very violent presumption indeed. Mr. BLAINE is a broad minded, far-seeing statesman, who deplores war as much as any man in the world. He has never done anything to justify the belief that he is not the most pacific of our public men.

His instructions to our Commissioner in the Chili-Peruvian matter were certainly not bellicose. They were strictly within the lines of diplomatic precedent—within the lines of our own diplomatic traditions. Such action as he proposed to take was modeled upon the action taken in similar cases in the earlier history of the country.

There will be no war in Mr. BLAINE'S administration. Even if he does assume a firm attitude toward other powers, it will only be giving our Nation the position assumed by a strong self-respecting man toward his neighbors, and no more likely than his to promote any feeling toward us other than that of esteem and respect.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

Now that the Convention is over, and the country's choice has been declared the candidate for the next President, it is pleasant to look into his past and find there nothing which may not come to the light of day, nothing which his friends would desire to let shadows shroud, or his enemies be interested in bringing into public view.

JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE was born January 31, 1830, in Union Township, Washington County, Pennsylvania. He came of the noted Scotch-Irish stock, than which there is none better. His grandfather served in the Revolutionary war with a Colonel's commission. His father was a man much respected in the community, and married a Miss GILLESPIE who was a devout Catholic. They had seven children, five sons and two daughters. JAMES was the second of the sons, all of whom embraced the religion of their fathers,—Presbyterianism. His great love for his mother has kept him, notwithstanding his strong convictions upon every subject, from any public expression upon the subject of religion, altho a consistent member of the church.

He entered Washington College in 1843, being then but 13 years of age. His standing in his classes was always excellent, and he was besides a leader in all athletic sports. In debating societies he was always conspicuous for his ability to control and direct others. Personally he was very popular, his frank, generous nature and manly bearing, his beauty of person and graceful manners rendering him a sort of hero among all of the students, and especially among the younger boys, who referred all of their disputes to him for settlement.

He graduated in 1847 with distinguished honors and went immediately to Blue Lick Springs, Kentucky, where he became Professor in the Western Military Institute, in which there were about 440 boys. There he was very successful, for he carried with him as a young man the same qualities that made the hero of his college mates. It was at this time that he met Miss STANWOOD, who had a young ladies school at Millersburg, some 20 miles from the Institute, and she afterwards became his wife.

After teaching a few years Mr. BLAINE returned to Pennsylvania, studied law, was admitted to the bar, and then in 1853 removed with his young wife, who was a native of Maine, to Augusta, which has ever since been their home.

His career from that time was rapidly onward and persistently upward. He entered into partnership with a prominent lawyer and the two purchased the Kennebec *Journal*, of which he became the editor. For six years he remained in the journalistic field, though not all the time upon the same paper. He showed marked ability in the field and it gave him a good introduction into the world of politics.

He helped Gov. A. P. MORRILL in organizing the Republican party in the State when the Whig party went to pieces, and in 1858 was elected to the Legislature. He served two years in the Lower House and two years in the Chair, where he developed those qualities of a leader that has made him such a power in Congress.

In 1862 Mr. BLAINE was sent as Representative to Washington, and received successive elections until made United States Senator. Here he won a National reputation by his speeches upon various important matters, the first one being circulated in 1864 as a campaign document.

He was Speaker in the 41st, 42d and 43d Congresses, and in this position showed his talents as a great presiding officer. When a Democratic majority in the House returned him to the floor, his parliamentary skill, his self-possession, audacity of manner and great talent made him a most adroit, aggressive and successful leader of his party.

He became a Senator in 1876, where he was a most conspicuous figure. The same year he was a candidate for the Presidential nomination and came within 27 votes of success. In 1880 he was again a leading candidate. The history of the Convention is too well known to need repitition. His labors for the election of Gen. GARFIELD is a matter of history, as also is his short career of Secretary of State in the Cabinet of our dead President. His foreign policy was vigorous and well-defined, just such as is needed to maintain the dignity of the country and promote prosperous commercial relations with other nations.

Attempts have been made in the past and will doubtless be made in the future to blacken his fair name in his public position but every charge has been and will be triumphantly disproved. He has come forth without a single shadow resting upon his character either as a public officer or a private citizen.

Mr. BLAINE is now 54 years old, a little above the medium height, strong and vigorous in build, and with a rich, melodious voice which joined to forceful and graceful gestures render him a powerful speaker. Always self-possessed, with a remarkably retentive memory, a keen and logical mind, fully abreast with the average thought of his time, he will make a President of whom the Nation may well be proud, and to whom the interests of the country may be committed without a fear of consequences.

GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN.

GEN. LOGAN has simply the most brilliant military record of any civilian General of the late war. No other officer who entered from civil life attained the command of a great army, and no other officer—civilian or military—was so uniformly successful in every undertaking. He began his service as a volunteer, carrying a musket, with which he did good service at Bull Run, in the ranks of a Michigan regiment, which happened to be most convenient for joining. He went back home when he saw it was to be realy war, and raised the 31st Illinois, of which was commissioned Colonel. He gave splendid earnest of his abilities at the battle of Belmont. At Donelson he did even better, and was severely wounded, but had this solaced by a well-earned promotion to Brigadier General for "gallant conduct on the field."

Brilliant soldiership in the ensuing campaign raised him to a Major-General November 29, 1862, and he was put in command of a division in the superb 17th corps — Gen. MCPHERSON'S — and did superb service with it during the campaign against Vicksburg and Jackson. When MCPHERSON was promoted to the command of the Army of the Tennessee, he was advanced to the command of the 17th corps. Gen. MCPHERSON was killed in the first onset of the terrible battle of July 22, 1864, and the command devolved on Gen. LOGAN, to whose magnificent management is due much of the credit of the bloody repulse which was inflicted upon HOOD'S army. This was by much the hardest blow the Rebel Army received during the Atlanta campaign. By rights LOGAN was entitled to the permanent command of the Army of the Tennessee, but he was not a West Pointer, and in the eyes of a graduate of that institution no amount of military merit, no distinction in service, can compensate for lack of a West Point degree. Consequently SHERMAN displaced LOGAN for O. O. HOWARD, who had recently been sent West from the Army of the Potomac. LOGAN manfully resumed command of his corps, which he commanded to the end of the Atlanta Campaign, on the March to the sea, and the march through the Carolinas. Everywhere his soldiership and Generalship was of the highest order. He never failed to rise superior to every occasion.

NASBY.

Mr. Nasby Dreams a Dream and Has a Horrible Awakening.

CONFEDERIT X ROADS,
(Wich is in the State uv Kentucky,)
June 9, 1884.

I hed a dreem last nite wich I wish from the bottom uv my heart cood be realized. It wuz a dreem so rich, so full uv everything wich wuz deliteful, that I almost wish I hed died afore awakenin from it to the cold realities uv a crooel and unsympathetic world. It wuz a dreem wich extendid over a considerable space uv time.

Methawt I wuz a delegate to the Dimekratic Nashnel Convenshun from this deestrik in Kentucky. I wuz entirely happy for I hed rooms at a fust class hotel and plenty uv money, for I hed promised the managers uv all uv the candidates to vote for their man, and wuz receevin money from eech. In addishn I hed sold all five uv the tikkits I hed at my disposal to the Convenshun to outsiders, and hed turned a handsome penny buyin up from the other delegates, and sellin agin at a higher price. All the delegates wuz on the make, only I hed sooperior intelligence.

It wuz a deliteful experience only it wuz in my sleep. Thank heaven for sleep! All my good times I hev in my dreems. We wuz about to consentrate on Tilden, Saml. J., his barl hevin bin tapped at both eends and the bung knocked out. The old gentleman hed actooally determined to be a candidate, on a reform platform, and wuz a buyin up uv delegates at a rate wich I never dreemed he wuz capable uv. No matter wat may be sed uv his honisty, ther ain't no doubt ez to his liberality or his akkerit knollege uv the make up uv Dimekratic Convenshuns. I hed sold out to him four times, and so hed the heft uv the delegates, and we got our money every time. Samyoocl's managers sed that so sot wuz the old man on the question uv reform that he'd scoop the nominashen ef he hed to buy every delegate to the Convenshun.

Jist ez we hed made up our minds to vote for him and end the matter, we receeved a dispatch from Noo York that the old man hed bin struck with paralysis and his rite side wuz completely dead. His managers were appalled at the terrible intelligence, but not so the delegates. One gentleman from Injeany riz to his feet and demanded in thunder tones ef he cood still yoose his left hand.

"He kin!" wuz the reply.

"Very good then. He kin sign checks with his left hand, and so long ez he kin sign checks he is a good enuff reform candidate for me. With him ez our standard-barer the Dimocrisy uv Injeany will pay cash for likker this Fall any how."

Then the dreem went on. We went into the campane and I moved immediately to Injeany, becoz ther ain't no money in bein a Dimocrat in Kentucky. Kentucky is safe enyhow, and when I asked Tilden for cash contribooshens for the campane I wuz met with a chillin refoosle. "The Reform tikkit kin kerry Kentucky anyhow," wuz the chillin response, "and my money must go into the doubtful States."

Injeany bein a doubtful State, I went over ther, and threw my sole into the work. I got the posishen uv disburser in a Congressional Deestrik, and when the eleckshun come I voted six times, gittin my three dollars per vote with the rest uv em.

In my dreem Tilden was elected on the Reform ishoo, and then come the millenium. We didn't pay much attenshun to questions uv public polisy, but we did make a cleen sweep uv all the Republikin offis-holders. We spared nothin. One-armed soljers wuz throwd out uv places, ez well ez wimmen who held small post-offises. Ther wuzn't a offis, no matter how small, wich we couldn't find a sturdy Dimekrat willin to take. Ther wuz wher we commenced the work uv Reform.

Uv course I got the post-offis at the Corners. The nigger Lubbock, wich hed held it sence Grant's first inoggerashun wuz reloosted to his shoe-bench, and I wuz installed in his place. The salary wuzn't large, but ther wuz perkisits. I didn't hev the handlin uv any letters containin remittances for noosepapers, so I got no revenoo from that. The Republikins in this visinity, ez soon ez I wuz installed, mailed ther letters containin money for noosepapers at other offises, becoz, ez they remarkt, they hed bin interdoosed to me, and the Dimocrisy don't take no noosepapers. This source uv revenoo wuz cut off entirely.

But there wuz other things wich did pay. I reseved on a average six letters a day addressed to the Looseaner and other lotteries, and them I capcherd. I beleeve that games uv chance is immoral! Shood I encurridge my people in this wickednis? No, and to cure em I opened ther letters and didn't let em know that I hed the money, hopin that after tryin several times for a prize and gittin nothin, they wood desist. There is many ways uv servin the Lord, and I hev my pekoolyer way. And it wuz with grim satisfeckshen that I opened Bascom's regler remittances to Noo Orleens for lottry tickits, and went over and paid him for his likker in the same.

I quit goin to Bascom's almost altogether. I prefered to sit in my offis, by a open winder, thro wich I cood see the smoke uv McPelter's distillery risin gracefully to the hevins, and send my first assistant out, whose salery I collected uv the Government, givin him my doo bill therefor, for my likker. It wuz easier sendin him out for my drinks than to go myself and much more dignified.

Deekin Pogram hed got to be collector rice Pollock removed, and ez we hed got an appropriashen for slack-waterin Seceshen Crik, with all uv us in the contrak, and likewise an appropriashen for a noo Postoffis, Bascom wuz receevin cash for his likker, and the Corners wuz happy.

That wuz in my dreem ez I dosed in a chair at Bascom's. Wood that that dreem hed continnered. But it did not. I wuz awakened by the firin uv guns, and from force uv habit contrakid when I wuz in the Looisiana Pelikins, the minnit I heerd the sound I instinctively startid to run. Comin to myself, and rememberin that the war wuz over, I sot down agin.

Wat sounds reechid my ears? It wuz Pollock and Joe Bigler and a hundred niggers on the Square hoorahin for Blaine and Logan! That wuz no dreem. The Republikin Convention hed met and did its work, and these disturbers hed got the nooze. And they wuz organizin a Blaine and Logan Club rite under our noses, and ez they hev got too strong to be skeert by shot-guns, it isn't at all onlikely that they may kerry the County.

Sadly I asked Bascom for suthin and firmly he refoozed. "I don't bleeve," sed Bascom, "that you will ever git that post-offis, and therefore, henceforth, for you, likker is cash on delivery, or a minit afore delivery."

And jist then Lubbock, the nigger post-master, past by, and he leered into my face with a four-years' more expression onto his face that wuz sickenin. It wuz more than sickenin—it wuz feendish.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Despondent.)

THE WATERBURY WATCH.

We are sending out hundreds of the Waterbury Watch daily, by mail, and they give more than satisfaction. This miracle of cheapness and excellence cannot be purchased anywhere for less than $3.50, but we send it by mail post paid, and the WEEKLY BLADE one year, for that sum. Get a postal note for $3.50, enclose it to the BLADE and you will receive the watch and the BLADE one year.

OHIO will give BLAINE and LOGAN a majority of not less than 50,000. This because they are the most pronounced Republicans in the party, and because the Democratic Congress and the Democratic Legislature have demonstrated the entire unfitness of the party for control. The Republican party is now fighting for Republicanism, and there is something to work for.

IT is rumored that Gen. GORDON has escaped from Khartoum and is now up the Nile upon an armored steamer.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Republican majority in Oregon is reported at 2,500, with a majority of 14 on joint ballot.——A body of scientists are preparing to investigate the true invardness of a large rock near Salisbury, Conn., known as "Moving Rock." The rock has moved a quarter of a mile from its former location within the last 20 years. It weighs over 30 tons, is of a porous formation, and the channel it has made for itself along the lake clearly indicates the progress it has made.——Gen. E. O. Babcock, Col. Levi P. Lucky, and Benjamin P. Suter, of Washington, were drowned while making a trip along the Atlanta coast in connection with the work of the light-house board. Gen. Babcock was private Secretary to Pres. Grant, and his wife is the eldest daughter of Hon. Benjamin H. Campbell, of Chicago.——Oscar Wilde was married in London, last week to Miss Lloyd.——Herr Anderse, a German land-owner who recently died, left 700,000 marks to educate poor youth, on condition that they sustain from military careers and do not study theology.——Mr. Orange Judd, for many years the successful editor of the

Correspondence.

THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.

Newcastle's Part in the Border Troubles.

A Brief Glance at the History of this Section—The Legend of St. Cuthbert.

Special Correspondence of the Blade.

Mention has been made in previous letters of the antiquity of Newcastle and it may not be uninteresting, before describing its old relics, to go back a little and trace its history. Going back a little means, in this instance, a trifle over 1,800 years, for at the date of the Roman invasion the country extending from north of the Tyne to the extremity of Lothian belonged to the tribe known as the *Ottadini*, who, in order to protect themselves from their warlike neighbors south of the Tyne, known as the *Brigantes*, built a fortress on the banks of the river on the site of the present City of Newcastle, the high formation of the ground about here making this an admirable location for a defensive fortress.

Julius Cæsar's landing occurred in the 54th and 55th year before Christ and through his persuasive powers the tribes of Southern Britain acknowledged

ROMAN RULE

for a period of 90 years. The turn of the Northern tribes came later, for in the year A. D. 43 the Roman armies landed again with the deliberate intention of subjugating the entire Island. The present site of Manchester was the place whence in the year 80 Agricola marched his victorious armies through the north, going as far as the Grampian Mountains. It took him some little time to subdue these fierce northern hordes, for it was not until A. D. 84 that he stopped on his return from the north, to settle with the Ottadinis. The winter of that year he spent on the banks of the Tyne, and built a chain of forts, remains of which are still observable from near the mouth of the river to Solway Firth.

The famous Emperor Hadrian visited this section in person in A. D. 1820, and his warlike ideas give untold pleasure to the members of the antiquarian societies of the present day, for he built

A GREAT WALL

From near Newcastle, connecting all of Agricola's forts, and he built so well that the old wall, a portion of it rather, is still standing—affording much speculation and research for the venerable antiquarians who are so numerous hereabouts. Hadrian built a bridge across the Tyne at this place, and made the station one of great importance, on account of its very favorable location.

With the death of Constantine, in 411, the power of the Romans began to wane, and when in 446 they took

THEIR FINAL DEPARTURE

there began a succession of wars between tween the petty States into which the country had been divided. This immediate neighborhood came in for its full share of the trouble and suffered dreadfully at the hands of the Picts and Scots who completely devastated this region until in 449 they were driven across the border by two Saxon pirates, Hengist and Horsa, who wanted a clear field for themselves. A brother of the former took a dislike to and destroyed the bridge built by Hadrian which has gone down in history as the Pons Ælii, so called after the Emperor, who was of the Ælian family. The Britons were driven from the northeast coast, but about 547 they reunited, were again defeated, took to the hills and started afresh. With this fight the history of Newcastle and Northumberland becomes rather vague and misty, for it is not heard of for some hundreds of years.

When the place again came up it is under the name of *Ad Murum*, shortly afterward known as Monkchester. Monkchester was a favorite residence of

THE ANCIENT DEVOTEES,

who came to this neighborhood during the days of King Edwin, to whom is given the honor of introducing Christianity here. There were, as far back as 870, monasteries in Tynemouth, Monkchester, Jarrow and Wearmouth. But a Danish pirate named Halfden, sailing up the Tyne one day, thought altogether too much money was being spent upon these edifices, and he destroyed them all, making his work very effectual certain by ruthlessly slaying all the monks and nuns.

The Earl of Northumberland obtained and kept possession of Northumberland, when it ceased to be an independent Kingdom in 870, until the time of William the Conqueror, and under their rule it developed greatly, until the year 1068 when just across the river on the place where Gateshead now stands, Edgar Ethling, Malcolme King of Scotland, and his foreign auxiliaries battled with and defeated King William and converted all the fair lands between here and York into a barren waste, where for nearly century robbers and wild beasts held uninterrupted sway.

The wars with the Scots had been going on apace and Robert Curthose, eldest son of the Conqueror, made a little trip to Scotland which resulted disastrously to himself and his followers. On his return from this ill-fated expedition in 1080, he stopped, on his way South, at Monkchester and built a fortress, which he called the

NEW CASTLE UPON TYNE,

from which the present City takes its name. The old fortress, improved and enlarged by subsequent monarchs, is still the pride of Newcastle

Fifteen years later the town was enclosed with walls, which have long since disappeared, only one or two gates remaining to remind one of the days of long ago, when Newcastle was considered to be the best walled town in England, if not in Europe.

From this time on the history of Newcastle derives most of its interest from the part it played in the long-continued struggle between Scotland and England, its strong situation so near the border rendering its possession a matter of great importance.

In 1135, after the death of King Henry, the town was occupied by David, King of Scots, who made war on King Stephen in support of the Empress Maud's right to the English throne. William, the Lion, with his undisciplined hordes of 80,000 men laid waste all the country as far South as the Tyne, but was captured near Newcastle and taken South. After a long imprisonment

HE FINALLY RESIGNED

the ancient independency of his crown and was released. His Barons, Prelates and Abbots did homage to Henry at York and then set out from there for Scotland. But at the Tyne bridge at Newcastle they were attacked by a large force of exasperated citizens, who, incensed at seeing at liberty the people who had so devastated their country, slaughtered right and left, many of the most important personages of the retinue being killed.

John Baliol was responsible for a great deal of the border troubles. In 1292, however, he paid homage to Edward I. in the grand hall of the Castle here. When, 14 years later, Baliol rebelled, Edward started from Newcastle with 30,000 foot and 4,000 horse, bringing him to terms, which he did most effectually.

It was only five years after this, in 1297, that

WILLIAM WALLACE

came down from the North and laid waste all the country to the Tyne. But on the banks of that famous stream the citizens of Newcastle gave him battle and compelled him to retreat into Scotland, whither he was followed a year later by 100,000 men, who had been ordered by Parliament to rendezvous at Newcastle. Wallace was defeated by this army, but declined staying defeated, and made a second appearance before the walls of the town in the year 1300. This struggle continued 14 years in this neighborhood.

When King Edward III. resolved to have a brush with the Scots, he assembled his army here and marched North at the head of 40,000 foot and 6,000 horse. In all the troubles with Scotland for the next hundred years Newcastle was the base of operations. It would be tedious to enumerate all the meetings, conferences and plottings carried on during that time, in the strong City on "the banks of cooly Tyne," so this rather long letter will be closed with a reference to a rather peculiar old order which is still preserved here.

The order is dated Sept. 17, 1417, and is to "the parochial chaplains of St. Nicholas and All Saints, in Newcastle-upon-Tyne to inflict certain penances which had been enjoined on Matilda Burgh, and Margaret Usher, for having put on the habits of men and impiously approached the shrine of St. Cuthbert at Durham."

Durham, with its magnificent Cathedral, is only about 30 minutes ride from here, and some day I am going to make

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE SHRINE

of this celebrated Saint, who died on the 20th of May, A. D. 687. He had a strong antipathy to women, the exact reason for which does not now appear. But he would have nothing to do with them and on his death bed he expressly stated that they were never to be permitted to approach his place of burial. His remains were at length buried in Durham, and in 1153 Hugh Pussey, Bishop of Durham, began to erect a chapel for the use of devout females, at the east end of the Cathedral, but

THE SAINT'S DISPLEASURE

at the innovation was so clearly manifested that the Bishop was obliged to relinquish his project, and the devout females had to worship as they had before. And this was not the only instance of the trouble and annoyance the saint caused. Even royalty had to suffer, for when King Edward III. visited Durham he lodged at the priory, and was there visited by Queen Philippa, who came from Knaresborough to see him. She, being unacquainted with the rules of the church, went through the abbey gates to the priory, and after supping with the king retired to rest. This alarmed the monks, "one of whom went to the king and informed him that St. Cuthbert had a mortal aversion to the presence of a woman. Unwilling to give any offence to the church Edward immediately ordered the Queen to arise, who in her under garments only returned by the gate through which she had entered, and went to the castle after most devoutly praying that St. Cuthbert would not revenge a fault which she, through ignorance, had committed."

ROBINSON LOCKE.

For the Blade.

OLD TIMES IN THE SOUTH.

Christmas Festivities and Negro Music in the Old South.

Dr. Scott in one of his interesting numbers has given the BLADE a graphic description of the singing schools of old times in the West; a description of ours here would be but a repetition of the same, and that, too, by one who is unable to imitate the Doctor in his weird details and scenic exhibitions. Our Christmas festivities, however, particularly those of the negroes, has never been described, in fact, to use a familiar word, they are *indescribable*. The negro is born with a passion for music. He is its child. It lives, moves and has a residence in his very being. True, his music is only a natural attribute and never rises up to solar heights with him. He is a vocalist from birth, and is scarcely out of his cradle till, like a frog, he is singing. As he advances in stature he procures a cane joint, then two, three or four of them of different sizes, which each produces a different scale of sound. These he ties securely together, and thus equipped goes forth, and partly blowing, partly hallooing, he improvises some kind of a chant upon them, which is as wild as a Scottish bagpipe. In the meantime he gets able to procure a jewsharp, and then he can be heard everywhere, annoying everybody around with his dull, monotonous refrain. This instrument does not altogether suit him. It admits of no leg nor arm capers, and is therefore too scientific for him, and is rarely used unless as a *dernier* resort. An old tin pan next comes in as a musical instrument which being drummed upon the bottom by the fingers or a few sticks, the operator now and then throwing in some verbal music, affords those around first-class bass for dancing music. The little snatches of negro poetry thrown in was always of a low order:

I seed Miss Dinah Sunday,
She's very fair to see—
I wear my store coat all the week,
And Sunday my long-tailed blue.

Or—

Says the blackbird to the crow—
What makes white folks hate us so?
Kase ever since ole Adam was born,
It has bin ower trade to pull up corn.

Accompanying the old tin pan was a negro with two bones in each hand, that by a nervous tension he would strike together, both hands at once, and this made the din wilder, and seemed to add to the charms of the music.

There was a lordly future in view for these negros. They had seen and heard liddles and this was the great organ, the grand *ne plus ultra* to which all their proud aspirations turned. The first effort was a long gourd after the blissful period of the cornstalk fiddle had fled away. This gourd had both the front and back sawed off, then it was very nicely cleaned inside, a squirrel skin well stretched was then tacked over the front and back, a neck made for the fiddle of sassfras wood, which was inserted into the gourd through where its neck had grown, a mortice made at the far end, then four gimlet holes were bored through, wooden keys inserted, a bridge set up, four strings made of horse hair, and a bended stick full of horse hair also, and the juvenile with a pocket full of rosin was ready, and without any knowledge of how to tune his rude instrument, he just began and scraped away for dear life. The first indistinct tune acquired by the young negro on this poor instrument was the happiest hour in his life. Happier far was he than a crowned Roman on the first hour of his reign. All he now wanted was fiddle strings, and the horses and mules had tails, and these were all utilized and the music taught by Apollyon to the Egyptian shepherds in the days of Sesostris was no sweeter to them than was this rude harmony to these ignorant sons of toil. By degrees the boy arose to higher honors and greater musical proficiency, and still he fiddled on and at last the goal was reached, and he became the owner of a real fiddle. Then, indeed, were the nights made vocal with song, and the long Summer Sundays enabled him to load the air with lovely strains.

About Christmas in the old times the real festivities began in earnest. The week previous the mistress had the women all busy making potato pone and preparing every imaginable dish. Hogs, head cheese, sausage, chickens, turkeys, etc., all were sacrificed and prepared for the occasion. The great yule log was selected and prepared by those who had charge of the fire department, plenty of corn to last a week was shucked, old mistress gave out the nice new clothes to old and young, ole massa gave out the new shoes (when his heart was in its normal place) and the negro old and young started for the great annual Saturnalia that was to last a whole week. All labor was laid aside and pleasure reigned supreme.

Then it was that the fiddle, Dixie's immortal instrument, might be heard through the land, while the bumping of feet kept the air lively. The fiddlers carried their fiddles in bags and were carefully shielded from the weather. The better fiddlers had one or more fiddle cases to put in theirs, these were said to answer the double purpose of making them sound better and to keep evil spirits from tampering with them. When the negroes danced, any kind of a fiddler would do. They would gladly play all night for 25 cents, their supper and such liquor as the whites chose to give them. When the whites danced, they sent off for the best fiddler in the township. We had one who always bore off the palm of victory. His name was Joe Terry. He was a man of importance. His fiddle had a nice buckskin bag to travel in, and Uncle Joe had the aristocratic price of $5 per night. He had a splendid double lined fiddle and tuned to concert pitch, but a voice like a seraph. Uncle Joe, was never troubled by patrols and like other dignified mandates, any others who sailed under his escort were also never molested. Every body knew Uncle Joe, and all liked him. The negroes would walk miles to hear him play and all the whites admitted that he drew a very superior bow. He was a foreman on his mistress' plantation, had never been under an overseerer, had plenty of money, told fine jokes and was universally beloved. Whenever there was a large party Joe was sent for, miles away, and he was always ready to come on horseback as he owned a horse, although like all other negros he was a slave. His coming in about dark where anxious hearts and more anxious feet awaited him, was hailed with enthusiasm, and the words "Uncle Joe has come" would send an electric thrill of pleasure through the crowd. If the party was small or slow payers Joe would stipulate with two responsible men for his wages. If there were many there and they were full of enthusiasm he would agree to depend on the crowd for pay. The young men would drop the silver in the fiddle, and Joe declared that Betsey—that was the fiddle's name—never sounded so well as when she was half full of silver. He threw his whole life, soul and body into the music. His frame seemed as if animated by some electric movement. The heavy pat of his heel as it came down on the floor, the terrible movement of his long fiddle bow, the motion of his head and his torsel movements all worked harmoniously together. When he was well worked up he would throw in two vocal lines that happily chimed in with the dance, such as

"Set to him Miss Sallie Hawkins,
High-heeled shoes and cotton stockings."

In the midst of his fervor he, like John Gilpin's wife, had an eye to pence. Sometimes in the midst of his glory, and usually when two of the best dancers were performing their trapeze duet, Joe would stop and shake his violin at the crowd, and tell them Betsy was hungry, and then would come in a shower of coin, and the satisfied Betsy would again sing out in all her olden splendor. Among awkward dancers Joe was an authority to direct their movements and assign to each set their part. Instances are said to have occurred where Joe was said to have taken in too much liquor before day and became rather bedoozled, but this would be denied soon, and there were always three or four stalwart fellows who were ready to fight any of Uncle Joe's defamers. The negros all loved and venerated him, as he was ever finely dressed, and this alone never failed to inspire the negro heart with loyalty.

When Joe was in his meridian popularity a great religious revival broke out in his neighborhood. Joe became serious, and was convinced it was his duty to join the church. The affair created a great stir. The anti-dancers were getting pretty strong in the community, and fierce debates got up between the dancers and the church party. Nobody had any objection to Joe joining, but alack and alas! what should the world do. Was Betsy's dulcet voice to be silent, or only to be heard in long-metered melodies? At length Joe was persuaded to put off his joining the church, because like the conversion of those who made the silver shiners at Ephesus, Joe's handicraft brought no little gain to his owner's, so heels prevailed over brains—Joe's pious period soon exploded. Christmas, happy, grand Christmas, came round, and the dulcet notes of Betsy made the world merry again.

After the subsidence of the Christmas festivals, the happy period did not terminate abruptly. The amusements were not without results. Weddings would spring up, the happy aftergrowths of the parties, and a wedding was followed by an infair, which meant a grand dinner reception and dance at the groom's father's, when the bride was brought home. Sometimes the old people would have religious leanings and could not permit dancing in their houses. The young people would talk them out of this if possible, and if not they would adjourn to some neighbor's mansion, and there have out the sport denied them in a more religious circle. The strife between the church and the dance oftimes waxed quite sore and not unfrequently the fiddle triumphed over the psalm book. The people were scarce and there were not young people sufficient to supply both church and ball room. The old prince of fiddlers like most other heroes became dazed with his success. He became too important in his own conception, gave himself airs and became a little too aristocratic. He did not see that the whites were growing too in wealth and importance and that each year placed a wider barrier between him and them. The better educated whites could not brook his slang and jests so he was ostracised from the ball room, younger aspirants took his place, the occupation of Othello was gone and he and Betsy retired together from the heel and toe arena, doubtless to die with the disease that follows fallen royalty, viz. broken hearts. Alas poor Yorick, times have changed since then. The Church has grown stronger and stronger and drawn away the old devotees of tersichore until it is not considered quite *comme il faut* to trip it on the light fantastic toe. The organ has triumph over the fiddle, the cross has broken the fiddle bow, religion and morality have made a long stride *en avant*, and the anthems of Zion are now heard where the reeds of old times were played. Thus society changes slowly and silently its customs, and mankind, without a knowledge of the fact, grows into a grander intelligence, a higher religious education, a higher political elevation, a purer morality, and walks on more advanced planes of thought, and these changes, though still as the lapse of a murmuring stream, or the travel of a shining star, soon manifest themselves by the altered conditions and more refined demands of the people.

Though we walk on mountain hights,
And to-day ascend the sky,
Onward still to higher flights;
Ever upward is the cry!

Oxyka, Miss., May, 1884.

RECENT LITERATURE.

THE LADY OR THE TIGER. By Frank Stockton, Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price $1.

No magazine story for a very long time has given rise to such animated discussion as Mr. Stockton's enigmatical situation, "The Lady or the Tiger?" and what fate the princess chose for her lover is a question that will probably never be satisfactorily solved. "His Wife's Deceased Sister," "The Transferred Ghost," "That Same Old 'Coon," "Mr. Tolman," "The Training of Parents," and the other stories which make up this collection are equally remarkable for the novelty and surprise of the point and for the delicate humor Mr. Stockton has the faculty of imparting to everything that comes from his pen.

ROUND THE WORLD. By Andrew Carnegie. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

Mr. Carnegie's *Four-in-Hand in Britain* was one of the brightest and most popular books of the season. His new volume, as it has a wider scope, has also a more comprehensive interest and value. Buoyant, keen, joyous and practical, the author sets down without reserve or affection just the impressions that made themselves most vivilly felt at the moment, and the rapid flow of the narrative fairly enchains the reader's attention. Sailing from San Francisco to Japan on his course round the world, the larger part of Mr. Carnegie's book is taken up with the description of Eastern lands, and it forms a real addition to the literature of travel.

THE CENTURY.

The June *Century* contains an unusual variety of interesting material from the pens of writers who are well and favorably known. Among them are John Vance Cheney, who writes of Richard Henry Dana; Margaret Vandegrift, who contributes a pleasing story entitled "A Fermanent Investment;" Mary N. Prescott and D. H. R. Goodale, who have poems; Rose Porter, who begins in this number a short serial, "Poetry and Prose; or, a Honeymoon Dinner," Henry C. McCook, the course of whose "Tenants of an Old Farm" brings him once more to the consideration of spiders, which are his specialty; A. W. Tourgee, who discusses, in his own vigorous way, questions political, economic and literary; and others who have interesting things to say and an agreeable way of saying them. The number is profusely illustrated.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

The table of contents for June is as follows: "By the River;" "Blaritz," Lucy C. Lillie; "A Humble Romance," a story, Mary E. Wilkins; "The Dagger," a story of the Time of Destins Pompey," John MacMullen; "The New York Custom House," R. Wheatley; "Abraham Lincoln at Cincinnati," W. M. Dickson; "Little Elsie," a poem, Dinah M. Crain; "Sheffield," William H. Rideing; "Nature's Serial Story," VII, E. P. Roe; "Grace Sherwood: the One Virginia Witch," John Esten Cooke; "Love's Resurrection Day," a poem, Louise Chandler Moulton; "The North Shore," John Habberton; "Transcripts from Nature," VII X, poems, William Sharp; "The Great Western March," T. W. Higginson; "Judith Shakspere," VI, William Black; Editor's Easy Chair; Editor's Literary Record; Editor's Drawer.

THE ART AMATEUR.

The *Art Amateur* commences its fifth year with an admirable May number. Notable features are the frontispiece, "Morning Prayer," from C. S. Pearce's Salon picture; the profusely illustrated article on the National Academy Exhibition, and the first of an invaluable series of articles on "The Modern Home." Other articles of much interest are on spurious old faience, the drawings of the old masters, the Pastel Exhibition and "How we Lost the Castellani Collection." The supplement sheets include designs for many beautiful art works. Published by Montague Marks, New York.

THE OUTING.

The June *Outing* is richer in illustration than any previous number, beginning with Halsall's charming frontispiece of the start in the yacht race, and the other pictures accompanying Mr. Dodd's article on the Hull Yacht Club, and the bicycling illustrations of Mr. Bacheller's account of the great Canada trip last year, and Mr. Hunne's lively story of his 'cycling experience in France; and ending with a number of reproductions of the out-door pictures in the late Academy Exhibition in New York, and the usual lively caricatures at the close.

FOR THE LADIES.

"What will the coming girls wear?" is a query in a fashionable magazine. We don't know what the coming girl's wear will be, but the present girl's wear is usually "by gum."—*Evansville Argus.*

Miss Folger, daughter of the Secretary of the Treasury, has gained much in health and strength by her recent visit to the South. She will spend the Summer in the Adirondacks.

In Minnesota several girls are railroad agents. The company should station a gent at such places. Girls are more liable to misplace a "switch."—*Norristown Herald.*

A bold Vassar girl girl declares that chewing gum prepares them for the duties of the household. Why, of course, we might have thought of that. It teaches them to always keep their jaws going.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Annie Pixley says she should "advise a young girl to strike right out for herself." And so she does, Annie, so she does. And when she strikes out she usually fetches him, indeed she most usually do.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A man named Yeast was married in Oregon last week. There's one consolution for the young wife. She'll have no trouble in making her husband rise early in the morning—it's bred in him.—*Boston Times.*

Miss Maude Howe, who lately has become art critic of some of the Boston papers admits the authorship of "The San Bosario Ranch," while her intimate friends admit that she is the author of "A Newport Aquerelle," printed last Summer.

Lillie Devereux Blake says "a bachelor is a man who has lost the opportunity of making some woman miserable." Just so, Lillie. It is impossible for a fellow to marry without making all the other girls who happen to be in love with him miserable.

Matthew Arnold says that what he likes about American ladies is their "takingness and engagingness." Matthew wasn't so far out of the way either. American girls will often take anything they can get in order to be engaged.—*Boston Times.*

"OVER THE RANGE."

The Death and Burial of Stumpy Wicks in the Far West.

Stumpy Wicks was dead. The mountain fever had killed him. A few days before he had started off into the hills, telling the boys he would find something rich or never go out again. He did not find anything rich, and he never went out again. The fever laid its grip on him, and in three days he was dead. He had "gone over the range," the boys said.

It had become necessary to bury Stumpy Wicks. And how was he to be buried? By his relatives? He had no relatives. By the Town? There was no Town. By his pard? He had no pard. Forty years ago Stumpy Wicks had left his home—no one knew where—and his people—no one knew whom—to wander alone in the West. He died alone. His wife, his mother, his sister, if he had one, will never know where he died, or what hands laid him in his grave.

It was the boys. They got together and made a coffin out of a box or two, and covered it with black cloth. They put Stumpy into it, with a clean flour sack over his poor, dead face. They chipped in and hired an ex-parson, who for some years had abandoned his profession, to "give Stumpy a send-off." They dug a grave to a good and honest depth in the tough red earth. They went out and found a flat rock for a headstone, and on it, with an engineer's graver, they scratched the brief epitaph, "Stumpy Wicks." Then they followed the coffin wagon to the grave, walking through the mud and rain.

There were forty men in that funeral procession and not one woman. Very few were drunk, and nearly all had taken off their six-shooters. There were forty men who stood around that open grave, and not one woman to drop a tear, as the ex-Parson read a brief portion of the Episcopal burial service and offered a short prayer. There was no history of Stumpy's life. No one knew that history. It was doubtless a sad enough one, full of slips and stumbles; full of hope, perhaps, before he finally "lost his grip." They found a woman's picture, very old, and quite worn out indeed, in Stumpy's pocket, and this was buried with him. This was probably his history.

There was not a tear shed at Stumpy's funeral. Not a sob was heard. But neither was there any oath or any laughter.

When the time came to fill up the grave ready hearts assisted ready hands, and the experienced miners quickly did the work. They rounded up the mound and lifted up the headstone. When the ex-parson stepped back from the grave he stumbled over the headstone of Billy Robbins, the gambler, whom Antoine Sanchez knifed. There were a good many of the boys resting there. The bullet, the knife and the mountain fever had finished them, except those whom the committee assisted. It was the committee who put Antoine Sanchez at the foot of Billy Robbins' grave.

There was no green thing in this graveyard, no living plants, no little flowers. It lay red and bare upon a red and bare hillside. There were no white stones to mark the homes of the sleepers, those used were rough, red granite.

The boys were quiet. They were thinking, perhaps. They looked up the sky, which, strangely enough, had in it no tint of blue, and the sky, in pity that no tears were shed, wept some upon them.

As the procession broke up and moved back to the saloons, one was heard to say that it was the "mournfulest plantin' he ever had a hand in." In fact, the camp did not get back to its normal condition until the next day. There was something too sad even for these rough souls in the lonely, broken life, the lonely, unwept death of Stumpy Wicks. It made them think—and I wonder if some of them did not stretch out their arms from their blankets that night and hold them up and call out softly, "Oh, Stumpy, Stumpy! What is it you see over the range? After a wretched, broken life, what is there for a man over the range?"—*Cœur d' Alene Eagle.*

FAVORED BY FORTUNE.

How Two Citizens of Fort Wayne Tempted the Fickle Goddess and Got There—Only the Brave Deserve to "Win Out."

The *Gazette* some time ago, mentioned the fact that Byron C. Holmes, a Pittsburg engineer, and James Fox, the well known coal dealer, both of this City, were blessed with boodles by investing in Louisiana Lottery tickets. They bought one-fifth of ticket No. 33,147 in the Louisiana State Lottery. The gentlemen paid $1 each for the tickets, and the number took the fourth capital prize of $6,000 drawn on April 8th.

A *Gazette* reporter saw Messrs. Holmes and Fox the other day, and they promptly informed our representative that the money was promptly paid to them, being sent via the Pacific Express Company of New Orleans, B. W. Cason, agent. Messrs. Holmes and Fox, while well to do citizens, are not overburdened with the world's goods, and their windfall is most acceptable. Both are very enthusiastic regarding the integrity and honesty of the managers of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and propose to regularly invest in tickets each month as they have done for months past. Fort Wayne has been struck by lottery lightning a great many times, and the monthly demand for tickets is very large in the City and surrounding towns.—*Fort Wayne (Ind.) Gazette, May 5.*

Gen. Grant's Sin.

Herein was the fault of Gen. Grant. It was not in engaging in the banking business. That is as honorable as the Presidency itself. But it was in utterly neglecting to see to it personally that the business was honorably and honestly conducted. In leaving Ward to trade on his great name, without seeing to it that it was used in a proper manner, may have illustrated his confidence in human nature, but it revealed an incapacity or indifference for business affairs of which the ex-President was not suspected.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

* * * * File tumors, rupture and fistulas, radically cured by improved methods. Book two letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

An Ornament to Politics.

A pleasant tone is given the roughness of the campaign by the appearance in politics of Mrs. Logan. Mrs. Logan has fairly won the admiration of the world, not only by her devotion to her husband, but by the ability by which she has maintained an active position in politics without derogating from the dignity of her womanhood.—*St. Louis Post Dispatch.*

Some time this month Miss Emily Faithful will begin to relate in England her Mormon experiences in America, and the London papers intimate that her coming lectures contain startling disclosures which are too frightful or too familiar to be of use as lecturing material in the United States.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alumn or phosphate powder. SOLD ONLY IN CANS. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall street, New York.

MALARIA.

Malarial poison has, in late years, increased to an alarming extent in all parts of this country, manifesting itself in many places formerly free from it, and everywhere demonstrating an activity and virulence that have made it the subject of the gravest apprehensions. Defects in sewer systems; bad plumbing; excavations—especially those in made ground; stagnant ponds maintained for ornamental effect in public parks; polluted water supply, and various other causes conduce to make malaria common in cities. In the country, the conditions naturally producing miasma, such as swampy and overflowed lands, sluggish streams, decomposing vegetable matter, and defective drainage of fields and farm-yards, have been aggravated, in very many instances, by reckless engineering—in the construction of highways, railroads, and canals—which has cut off small water-courses, both subterranean and surface, and so interfered with the natural drainage of the land. Destruction of the forests has also aided the spread of Malaria, by causing snow and rain falls to pass off rapidly in floods, overflowing low lands and leaving much water stagnant thereon. There are very few places in the land that can be said to be entirely free from malarial infection, and no person can deem himself safe from its insidious and deadly attacks. The much dreaded "Chagres Fever" is not more fatal than kindred maladies, to which the miasms of many localities, even in the oldest settled Eastern States, now give rise. Not only are the diseases of malarial origin peculiarly distressing, dangerous, and obstinate in themselves, but they are liable to have the most serious effects upon the vital organs, and to induce other grave disorders. For all the diseases caused by Malaria

A SURE AND SPEEDY CURE

Is afforded by AYER'S AGUE CURE, the most potent medicine for eradicating miasmatic poison from the system, and at the same time the only one that is not harmful. Other preparations for the treatment of Malarial fevers contain quinine and mineral poisons. AYER'S AGUE CURE does not, and its use entails none of the evil consequences inevitably following the taking of those substances in quantities sufficient to obtain any effect. Quininism—the condition produced by large doses of quinine—is scarcely less to be dreaded than Malaria itself. AYER'S AGUE CURE is the only compound that cures **Swamp Fever, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, Fever and Ague, Chagres Fever,** and all **Intermittent** and **Remittent Malarial Fevers,** and is certain to do so in every case where the directions for its administration are followed. All the preparations of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co. have long since won the regard of the medical profession and the public as standard pharmaceutical compounds and are known to be as nearly specifics for the several maladies to the cure of which they are designed as is possible for any medicines. But for the AGUE CURE it is confidently claimed that it is an absolute specific, and a cure is

WARRANTED IN EVERY CASE.

All dealers in medicines are instructed to refund to purchasers the money paid for AYER'S AGUE CURE wherever used as directed without effecting a cure.

AYER'S AGUE CURE is not less valuable as a prophylactic than as a remedy. Small doses of it, morning and evening, will certainly prevent malarial attacks, even in districts rife with miasmatic poison. Even where Yellow Fever has been epidemic, AYER'S AGUE CURE has proved a safeguard against that malady.

Dr. W. Armstrong, of Toronto, says: "AYER'S AGUE CURE is the only medicine in existence which may be considered an absolute antidote for Fever and Ague and kindred diseases. It affords immediate relief, and eradicates the malarial poison without leaving any enervating or injurious effect."

AYER'S AGUE CURE

Should be in every household in miasmatic districts; in the outfit of every traveler and sportsman; in the trunk of every summer boarder in the rural districts; in the medicine chest of every vessel liable to touch at malarious ports.

Remember that it is a medicine which never falls.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines. Price $1; six bottles $5.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

There is nothing original about an egg. It simply follows in the beaten track.—*The Judge.*

James Payn, the novelist, allows himself only one exercise—laughter. He is a good whist player and an inveterate smoker.

In three years two rats become 646,808, and yet the druggists look with suspicion on a man who asks for a dime's worth of strychnine.—*Texas Siftings.*

Nova Scotia has followed the example of Ontario and enacted a law giving municipal suffrage to unmarried women and widows on the same terms as men.

"Does our constant chattering disturb you?" inquired one of three talkative ladies of a sober-looking fellow-passenger. "No, ma'm," was the reply; "I've been married near on to thirty years!"—*Chicago Sun.*

"There is a woman in Kansas City who can scold her husband in eight languages." There is a woman in Philadelphia who can scold her husband in but one language, but she uses it over and over again. He considers one language enough.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A Philadelphia man has invented what he calls a "bachelor's needle." The best sort of a needle for a bachelor is one which has two eyes, isn't polished, and will needle little bonnet every Spring. See the point?—*Burlington Free Press.*

Mark Twain has several blank forms pinned over the table on which he writes. One is a formal declination of an invitation to dinner; another is for declinations to give opinions on literary productions, and another is a blank for declining to send articles solicited by this and that journal.

Elihu B. Washburne is going from Illinois to Maine to make a carriage tour among the Washburnes of Oxford County. All the Washburnes in the United States originally came from Maine, though plenty of them are left there, and nearly all of them have held public offices for the great part of their lives.

Young Lady (frightly to old bachelor)—Do you know Mr. Singlesome, that when one finds a four-leaved clover it is a sure sign that the finder will be married within a year?

Old Bachelor—No. I have always supposed that finding a four-leaved clover was an omen of good luck.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Dr. O. W. Holmes recalls that 60 years ago he saw three small boys playing patchwork costumed parts in a Boston garret theater and notes that when these three boys grew up to fill more important parts on the stage they were known as Thomas G. Appleton, John Lothrop Motley and Wendell Phillips.

An Austin physician has been busy vaccinating the children that have been brought to his office. He thought he had finished, and was putting away his lancet, when a woman with a very young baby in her arms came in and requested him to vaccinate the infant.

"This child is the last, I suppose?"

"Why, Doctor, of course it's the last. It's only six months old."—*Texas Siftings.*

THE FAULT OF THE AGE.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

The fault of the age is the mad endeavor
To leap to heights that were made to climb.
By a burst of strength or a thought that is clever
We plan to outwit and forstall Time.

We scorn to wait for the thing worth having;
We want high noon at the day's dim dawn.
We find no pleasure in toiling and saving,
As our forefathers did in the good times gone.

We force our roses before their season
To bloom and blossom, that we may wear;
And then we wonder and ask the reason
Why perfect buds are so few and rare.

We crave the gain, but despise the getting;
We want wealth, not as reward, but dower;
And the strength that is wasted in useless fretting
Would fell a forest or build a tower.

To covet the prize, yet shrink from the winning;
To thirst for glory, yet fear the fight—
Why, what can it lead to at last but sinning,
To mental languor and moral blight?

Better the old slow way of striving
And counting small gains when the year is done,
Than to use our forces all in contriving,
And to grasp for pleasures we have not won.

Duties and Deeds of a Receiver.

"What is a receiver, pa?" asked a small boy.

"A receiver, my son, is one who is placed in charge, and he receives the property of a bankrupt corporation."

"Well, what does he do with it?"

"He generally keeps it, my son," answered the old gentleman as he turned again to his paper, while the youthful speculator quietly walked out into the hall with the intention of getting a corner on any stray nickles which he might find in the paternal overcoat.—*Boston Post.*

License Refused.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

As I do not often see anything from old Virginia in the BLADE, allow me to say that there are several subscribers in this vicinity, and all are pleased with the course the BLADE is taking in regard to the liquor question. April 28th was Court day in this County (Carroll), and all liquor licenses expired on the 30th. A great effort was made for new ones, but thank God, our Judge refused to grant them, hence, the people say we will have peace for a little season; yes, and perhaps for a long season. May God help you in your work of Pulverizing the Rum Power.

ISAAC WRIGHT.

Aral, Va.

Twenty-four Hours to Live.

From John Kuhn, of Lafayette, Ind., who announces that he is now in "perfect health," we have the following: "One year ago I was to all appearances in the last stages of Consumption. Our best physicians gave my case up. I finally got so low that our doctor said I could not live 24 hours. My friends then purchased a bottle of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, which benefitted me. I continued until I took nine bottles. I am now in perfect health, having used no other medicine."

DR. DEWITT C. KELLINGER'S LINIMENT is an infallible cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Lameness and Diseases of the Scalp, and for promoting the growth of the Hair.

Edey's Carbolic Troches cure colds and prevents disease.

Publishers' Department.

A NEW WATCH OFFER

FOR CAMPAIGN SUBSCRIBERS.

We want a very large increase in the circulation of the BLADE, and are willing to pay for it. To reward those who will assist in this work we will give a WATERBURY WATCH on the terms published below, under the head of THE ONLY TERMS." Read carefully, and either get your BLADE for nothing, or a good Watch for nothing. The WATERBURY WATCH is known as an entirely reliable, substantial stem-winding watch, as good a time-keeper as any in the market.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the importance of a Republican success in November next. Every man who desires stability in government, steadiness and uniformity in business, every man who desires peace and quiet and who dreads anarchy and confusion, appreciates this as well as we do.

To the enlightenment of voters the country should be covered with sound reading matter, and that the BLADE takes upon itself to furnish.

The WATERBURY WATCH is the lowest priced watch ever made, but cheap as it is, it is as good a time-piece and as durable and reliable as any watch made. It is a stem-winder, no key being required, and may be regulated to as fine a point as the higher-priced watches. It is encased in white metal, and to the manufacturer's warrant we add our own. The cases will not tarnish. The regular price of the watch and the least it can be bought for is $3.50.

It is a marvel of cheapness and accuracy, and will do everything that any watch will.

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Every boy of 14 wants a watch and should

The Household.

Edited by Miss Emily S. Bouton.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

GENERAL ETIQUET

XXX.

"I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for from within were heard
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea."

The curiosity of a child is Nature's gift to impel him to seek out the secrets of all that he sees around his eager young life. Over flowing with wide-eyed wonder he longs to know the why and wherefore of what, unanswered, becomes by and by no longer of interest, through the "familiarity that breeds contempt." Until that does come, problems multiply, and upon his insistence in obtaining their solution depends the after intelligence and culture of the man.

It is well if in maturity he retains a certain amount of curiosity, that which will render him observant of what passes around him. The person who walks the streets, or wanders through the forest, who rides among the works of man or those of Nature, unseeing and unheeding, misses much of the joy and beauty of living. The pleasure which comes from things that do not aggressively demand attention, he knows nothing of, and he is that much less intelligent, and less able to grasp life's deeper meaning. Intelligent observation which may, perhaps, have its foundation in curiosity is a valuable possession.

There is, however, a kind of

MORBID CURIOSITY

that constitutes one of the small vices of social life. It is that which leads into an inquiry as to the most trifling events in the lives of those around; a burning, absorbing desire to know the springs of certain actions, however trivial they may be; a watchfulness of the movements of every person within the radius of the neighborhood, and often extending far beyond it. It inquires into the ins and outs of friends, acquaintances and strangers, and is wretched if it cannot be satisfied about the smallest matters.

Sometimes this curiosity takes a good-natured form, being entirely innocent as to intent and purpose, but often doing none the less harm, and for this reason: It is next to impossible for such persons when balked in satisfying their desire to know the cause for certain actions, to avoid uttering some guess in regard to it. Once uttered it floats out upon the air as a certainty, and gathers to itself all the *debris* that comes in its course. By and by it has grown into what may wreck the fair name and happiness of those whose only sin was a careless disregard for curious on-lookers.

You have all seen these busy bodies, these meddlers with every one's business. You have been plied with questions concerning matters which concerned them no more than those of a resident of Venus. They are always peering out of windows, listening at doors, hanging over banisters. They are sure to feel a burning anxiety for your companionship, if they see something going on about your premises which they do not understand. Your family affairs possess the most unfailing interest for them; an inventory of your wardrobe is a necessity, and yet, as I said before they are not really ill natured, and mean no harm, even though their after comments upon all these things bring you trouble and mortification.

A friend once told me of a neighbor of hers whose only fault was this insatiable curiosity, and a most unpleasant one it was. She always appeared upon the scene whenever anything unusual happened. She made tours of observation through the house and no little change in the household arrangements escaped her eye. Even letters were not safe from her scrutiny. She would pick them up, turn them over, hold them to the light, peer at the address, read the post-mark, and lay them down regretfully, because she could not know the inside. Often this seemed to be done without thought, and with no consciousness that it was ill-bred and insulting. The truth was that she had permitted herself to get into the habit of inquiring into the affairs of those around her, of feeling an absorbing interest in trifles, until she was utterly unconscious of the nuisance she made of herself.

There is no excuse for this sort of thing, and nothing is too severe to be said in its condemnation. Let everybody keep their curiosity within bounds, and allow her neighbor to manage her own affairs as pleaseth her best without comment or question. By this I do not mean that a friendly interest should not be shown in a general way in what is going on in the neighborhood, but no one make it her business to pry into what is to her of no earthly concern.

Some women have a habit of questioning their servants about the families the latter may have lived in previously. This is despicable. No doubt they may have a vicious curiosity satisfied by a garbled account of the home affairs of others, for servants have opportunities of learning whether the domestic machinery runs smoothly or not, while they are not always the best judges of causes and effects. These women may rest assured that their own home matters will be dished up in the same way, and if they have a skeleton in the closet, it will be dragged out to the garish light of day without mercy.

The curiosity that prompts any one to read the letters of another is contemptible and yet there are persons who count themselves above reproach who will do this thing. No matter if they are left unsealed upon desk or table, it is dishonorable to look them over. They were written for one person only, and while they may contain nothing the whole world may not know, you and I have no mortal business with their contents. I have seen persons sit down to a desk and deliberately turn over the papers and letters without seeming to think they were doing what really marked them as rude and indelicate.

Parents would do well to cultivate in their children the idea of sacredness in connection with their letters. Make it a rule that one of the family shall not tear open a missive addressed to another, unless under extraordinary circumstances. Set the example by never opening them yourselves. This will show, as nothing else could, how entirely you regard a letter as individual property, the disposal of which is purely a matter for the owner's consideration and decision.

I fancy I hear some anxious mother say, "I feel it to be my duty to know who my children are corresponding with and the character of the letters they are receiving." So it is, but you can easily do this without violating the individual rights which even children possess. Cultivate their confidence in yourself. By showing sympathy with all of their youthful joys and sorrows, they will learn to come to you with everything, and there will be no concealments about their letters. Should you become satisfied however, that there is something wrong it is easy to request a reading in your presence, and even to command a sight of them after they have torn them open. Your course in this respect must be decided by circumstances. The only thing is to show that you so highly regard property rights, even in a letter, that you will not violate them under the most pressing circumstances. With such an example you may be very sure that in after life they will never be guilty of deliberately tearing open one that does not belong to them, or of reading those which chance to come in their way, addressed to others.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Table Cover—Materials.—A square of dark blue felt. A French cretonne border of bright colors and pretty pattern, enough to go around the cover six inches from the edge. Spools of gold thread, according to size and pattern of cretonne.

Outline the flowers, etc., of cretonne border with the gold thread, then sew it to the cover. Slash the felt up to the edge of border making teeth an inch and half wide, slightly pointing the ends. Turn them up to the border and fasten points with gold sequins, or work little stars with the gold thread, or if preferred with red or gold colored embroidery silk. The effect of the combination is very beautiful.

Shaving Cloths.—Get a yard and a half of checked linen and cut it into a dozen small pieces, which would be eight or nine inches square. Ravel the edges about a half inch deep all around the fringe. Work each one in some different way with bright colored cottons, an initial in one, a crest, a border all around, anything that the fancy dictates. A nice bag to keep these in can be made of knitting-cotton by setting up 38 stitches and netting, with a three-eighths of an inch mesh, 35 rounds, then net one round with two stitches into one, and four more plain rounds to finish. Gather up the end where the bag was begun with a needle and thread, make a tassel and sew it on. Get a piece of crinoline wire, 22 inches long, fasten the two inches together so as to form a circle, cover it with a piece of tape, and put it inside the bag half-way down; fasten it in its place with needle and cotton and run in two tape strings, leaving the increased part of the netting above them as a frill.

A very pretty bag can also be made of lace. Take a piece of bobbinet 12 in. wide and ¾ yd. long. Run a pretty pattern lengthwise through the center with red silk or cotton, put a pretty edge on one side, sew it together and finish it in the same way as described for the netted one.

Paste for Applique Embroidery.—One of the best for applying figures to surfaces when they are to be appliqued is made as follows: Put a half teaspoonful of powdered resin into three tablespoonfuls of flour. Mix them smoothly in ½ pt. of cold water, boil it five minutes, stirring it all the time. Add a teaspoonful of essence of cinnamon if you want to keep it for some time.

Paper Flowers.—Get the best of French tissue paper, dip a large camel hair pencil in thin gumarabic, and brush quickly over the whole surface of paper from which you intend to cut your flowers. This fills the pores and gives the paper a little stiffness. Take natural flowers for models, cut roses, japanicas, etc., from paper patterns, then paint with water colors. Form the petal with your fingers and a pair of scissors. Cut a fringe of yellow paper for stamens. Make your leaves and calyx of green tissue paper, well sized with gum; cover fine wire with green paper for stalks and fasten the parts of the flower together with gum.

For a daisy, chrysantheum or aster, double the paper cut as three times; cut down ½; roll the uncut side firmly round the lent end of a piece of wire suitable for the stalk. Buds, pericarps, etc., are made by stuffing with a bit of cotton, or winding up paper. Variegated pinks; paint stripe of paper in plashes here and there, as you see on the petals of the carnation—some very dark carmine, some merely light touches; cut off suitable width for petals, and wind around a paper center.—T. C. SISCO, Clinton Co., Iowa.

Newspaper Holder.—For the back, take a piece of cardboard 18 inches long and 14 inches wide. Scallop the top and work the edge around with some bright colored zephyr, then tack or sew to a stiff piece of pasteboard to make it strong. Cut two pieces of equal size, 12 inches long and 3 inches at the top and 1 at the bottom in width for the sides. For the bottom, a piece 1 inch in width and 14 inches in length. Now for the front piece, which in size is 14 inches wide and 10 inches long. You can work your monogram in the center or a bunch of flowers, just as you like, and work the edge with zephyr in some fanciful design. Line the whole with pasteboard, as described for the back, then fasten a loop from each upper corner of the back to hang up by, which is all sewed together. You can work "papers" on the back piece where it extends above the front.—CARRIE AUSTIN, Dawn, Mo.

Knitted Balls.—Cast on 30 stitches and knit across plain, turn and knit all but the last seven stitches, leave them on the needle, pass the wool between the needles so it may be on the right side turn and knit back leaving 6 stitches on each end. Then leave 5, then 4, then 3, then 2, then 1, then knit all and once across plain. This is one stripe. Tie on another color and repeat; be sure and begin the next stripe at the same end every time, tie on the new color while you have 3 or 4 stitches on the needle so it will come out even. This size takes 9 stripes, slip and bind closely, sew the two edges together, draw up one end and fasten securely, stuff with cotton and sew up the other end. They are pretty knit of three colors or more if preferred.—EUELLA H.

Fun Rug.—Cast on 37 stitches.—1st row—knit across plain; 2nd row—k 24; 3d row—t—k 24—b; 4th row—k 21; 5th row—t—k 21—b; 6th row—k 18; 7th row—t—k 18—b; 8th row—k 15; 9th row—t—k 15—b; 10th row—k 12; 11th row—t—k 12—b; 12th row—k 9—b; 13th row—k 6; 14th row—t—k 6—b; 15th row—k 3; 16th row—t—k 3—b; 17th row—k across the whole 27, which makes one fan. Now break and sew on another color; begin at first row: Knit enough fans so that the sides you commenced at and the side you are knitting are joined with a round rug. Now take your wooden hook and sew on a scollop around the edge. T K B means to turn and knit back.—MRS. LIZZIE DANCE, Lisbon, Ia.

Heart Lace.—Cast on 19 stitches, knit across plain. 1st row—s 1—k 1—tto—n—tto—k 1—tto—k 1—tto—k 1—p 2—k 2—tto twice—n—tto twice—k 2. 2nd row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 4—p 5—k 2—p 5—k 1. 3rd row—s 1—k 1—tto—n—tto—n—p 2—k 2—tto—k 1—tto—k 2—p 2—k 9. 4th row—k 11—p 7—k 2—p 5—k 1. 5th row—s 1—k 1—tto—n—tto—n—p 2—k 2—tto—k 1—tto—k 3—p 2—k 2—tto twice—n—tto twice—n—tto twice—n—k 1. 6th row—s 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 4—p 1—k 2—p 5—k 1. 7th row—s 1—k 1—tto—n—tto—n—p 2—s and b—k 2—p 2—k 2—tto twice—n—tto twice—n—tto twice—n—k 3. 8th row—s 1—k 1—tto—n—tto—n—p 2—s and b—k 3—n—p 2—k 2—tto twice—n—tto twice—n—k 1. 9th row—s 1—k 1—tto—n—tto—n—p 2—s and b—k 7—n—p 2—k 2—tto twice—n—tto twice—n—k 1. 10th row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 4—p 5—k 2—p 5—k 1. 11th row—s 1—k 1—tto—n—tto—n—p 2—s and b—k 2—p 2—k 2—p 1—k 4—p 5—k 2—p 5—k 1. 12th row—s 1—k 1—tto—n—tto—n—p 2—s and b—k 12. 13th row—k 14—p 3—k 2—p 5—k 1. 14th row—s 1—k 1—tto—n—tto—n—p 2—k 2—tto—p 2—k 12. 15th row—cast off 4—k 12—p 5—k 1. Repeat.—MRS. M. F. MCFADDEN, Camp Supply, Indian Territory.

A pattern of "Heart Lace" was published some time ago, but whether it was the same as this we do not now recall. At any rate there were one or two errors complained of, so that we give this one hoping it will be all right. It would be well for all sending lace patterns to knit them through once after having them written to be sure that they are right.—ED.

Correspondence.

SEEKING FOR KNOWLEDGE.—Surely among the greater or lesser intelligences of the HOUSEHOLD Department there are some excellent cooks. [Now don't send out a fresh batch of cake recipes, for man can not live by cake alone]. Some that can tell how to prepare in the most palatable way, the meats, fruits and vegetables of the farmers own raising, and how to secure a variety in the bill of fare. Could not some one give all of the different ways in which potatos can be served? Some one might tell how to fix salads, not by giving recipes for things that do not exist in a country farm house, but something that is "getable."

Economy demands that a farmer should grow his own luxuries, and then as the season is close upon us, who will tell all about canning, preserving and jamming fruit? It is sometimes very unsatisfactory to ask experts how they prepare their dishes so relishable. Somehow they can't exactly tell how it is done, they take some of this and some of that, and let it stand about so long, all of which seems very easy and simple to do while you are listening, but when in your own kitchen away from their sympathyzing presence, tormented with anxious fears, you do not get just the "lick" which it is done by, and almost a success is but a failure. So a little plain counsel from different ones on these "vital" topics would be thankfully received by one of the BLADE family.—Mrs. J. Y., Little Indian, Ill.

TO CONSTANCE (IN BLADE MAY 8, '84).—Right there lies the difficulty, that "virtue in a man is an entirely different thing from that demanded by woman."

If mothers would always remember that from the cradle up virtue and purity are as necessary for their sons as their daughters, that a lapse from morals was no more for their daughters than their sons, and train them accordingly, it would be a different world. Too long has the terrible maledate "ruined" been issued from the girls, when the ruin comes to them with equal guilt in the other sex. I cannot see that a girl is ruined when seduced, even with all the said irretrievable consequences, but I can see how that stern *ruined* seems like a wall of iron when she has wakened from her foolish dream and asks for help and pity. Poor child, she turns to the only door that offers concealment—and that leads to death. No human soul is ruined by any wrong doing. The sin and weakness leaves its sad scars, that can never be effaced, but around the poor young girl who has been astray, and returning, yearns for love and help, I would throw the strongest bonds of charity and hope; I would help her to pity and respect herself, and help her make the world respect her.

But is there any need of these sad mistakes such as you relate? Are mothers watchful enough? Beyond a certain point I would not trust an apparent angel of light. While I like my daughters trustful and affectionate, they nor my son shall not grow up in ignorance of the evil in the world, of the functions of the body or the sacredness of all its organs. My children I try to keep close to me in loving confidence and to no friend, instead of which would I trust the forming of their judgment and character, or an intimacy that would exclude me in their youth. I like them to bring me all their troubles and joys, and we talk them over. Above all, I want them to have the reading habit in forming their taste. I place the best in their way, but they can read anything they wish to so they read it aloud to me, and to-day one of the sweetest pleasures of my life is their reading to me while my hands are busy with household needs.

Teach children to say, No! and to understand that this life isn't given them to continually run after a "good time," that they have duties, the daughters as well as the sons, a work to do in and for the world; that it is not necessary to their existence to have a lover or beau; that it is not the chief end of woman to get married, but if ever they attain to the high and holy estate of matrimony, they enter it as men and women and not as boys and girls.

Again are there not many mothers in these days whose sons have been carefully trained, fearful of the effect of the society of a certain class of girls belonging to re-spectable families? They keep late hours, smoke cigarets and speak of sacred things flippantly; dress and dash and slang, is about all there is of them, and they follow the young clerk or student with a fixed determination to bring him up (?) to their level.—HELEN F.

SOME TRUTHS.—Will we have some butterine, or oleomargerine? It looks nice, has no disagreeable odor, does not taste so rancid as formerly. Oleomargerine is not a nerve-food. It is not good for that much spoken-of organ, the liver, or a certain cure for fits, rheumatism or Brights-disease, therefore, cannot be advertised as such in our great newspapers. But the wily manufacturer advertises in a different way. This is a progressive day and abounds with men of science and chemistry, that can analyze anything from a egg to a tear to the Great Jehovah. Some of these wise men adjust their golden glasses and see the great butterine factory, pure and sweet as the virgin snow. No foul or unclean thing may enter there. The poor man's children may now enjoy a generous slice of bread and butter, healthy, pure and palatable. The golden glasses reflect just right, effectually shutting out the greasy slime, the foul refuse, and the stale grease, which, with the aid of poison acids is fashioned into the beautiful oleomargerine.

Here is some butter, churned from cream, but it has a queer look, dirty white, with pale yellow streaks predominating. This butter is made by the slovenly farmers family. Poor bossy stood knee-deep in stable refuse, with seldom a dry bed. The farmer milked her in a wooden pail, innocent of the sun's smile, or the purifying influence of boiling water, put in by the hand. I see the same insect troubles my hardy roses, too, but not so bad. Will some one please answer right away?—MRS. S. L. CAREY.

I wish to inquire if any of the readers of the BLADE know of a bright, healthy girl, of good parentage, who would like a home with a couple who have no children of their own. Would prefer a widow's, or an orphan girl, not younger than eight or over 12. Address MRS. I. S. SEARCH, Box 197, Onarga, Ill.

If any member of the HOUSEHOLD knows of a sure remedy for the ill effects of poison ivy, and will communicate it through this department, I for one will feel very thankful, as I have a child greatly suffering from it.—V. D. A.

I am a constant reader of your HOUSEHOLD, a patient, practical knitter of all your pretty laces, a lover of all the new suggestions and ideas I find therein. So will you kindly allow me to bring my budget of grievances for inspection? It is this: Our two high-stepping young roosters take their harem of hens and slip into the garden and turn order into chaos; beds of geometric shape are left in holes and ridges, sprouting peas torn up and devoured remorselessly, seeds of all sorts scratched out and mixed up beyond recognition, our pansy-bed, made with so much care and planted with such great expectation, all laid waste with "neatness and dispatch," and we left to boil over with indignation at the depredations of our incorrigible hens. Now if any of your many readers know of a breed of hens with the scratching propensities left out, they will oblige by telling the BLADE HOUSEHOLD what they are.—R. W. HINCKLEY, Milan, Sullivan Co., Mo.

Answers to Inquiries.

A good many letters have been received lately inquiring whether the series of papers upon "Etiquet" are to be published in book form, and still others asking for back numbers of the BLADE containg the earlier papers.

So far as back numbers are concerned, it is impossible to supply them. The series of articles will, however, be published in book form in a style uniform with "Health and Beauty." We thank our friends for their appreciative words, and are very glad to know that "Etiquet" has been a benefit.—ED.

I see that a correspondent who signed herself "A Learner" asks for hints about painting roses. I might be able to help her some. If what I write here is too brief, I will be glad to assist her further by correspondence, if she will signify her desire through these columns. The trouble with the rose is evident enough. It was probably exactly as you say, streaks of red and white. You cannot paint any rose, nowever pure a pink, with just red and white. It requires gray in the shades. The lights and shadows are not made by merely painting a light and dark shade of pink, but by observing the gray tones which pervade and give naturalness to your painting. Should advise that you choose only half-blown buds until you have more experience. They are much handsomer as well as easier than fully blown ones. If you name the variety of rose or other flower you wish to paint, I can probably tell you what colors to use, and how to proceed, as I am in a land of roses.—CALIFORNIAN.

If "Anxiety" will write to Mrs. B. Whitworth, Mowenqua, Ill., it may be they can be of service to one another.

If "Anxiety" in the BLADE of May 22 will send her address to John Oglethorp, Centralia, Kas., she will find just such a home as she wants.

Seeing several inquiries in regard to my lace collar pattern, I will say in reply to all the pattern is correct, and will be all right if you only follow directions carefully.

"Nettie Jones," the reason for leaving those five stitches without knitting is to form a fulless in the lower part of the collar. Thanks, Mrs J. A. Dunham, for your heart lace pattern. By knitting both edges like the plain edge it will make a handsome stripe for a tidy.—MAY QUEEN.

I would like to say to the lady with the cords of her hand contracted that if she will take angleworms, sometimes called fish-worms, wash them and put them in a bottle; hang them in the sun or over the steam of a kettle on the stove, until they make an oil, that it is said to be the best thing known to relax the cords. She must take care, however, not to use too much, as it is very relaxing to the cords and would weaken them.

I want to thank the one that put in cubebs as a remedy for catarrh, a good while ago. They have benefited me very much. —AUNT LIZZIE.

We see in the BLADE of May 22d, where Miss Fairy G. Shafer, of Madisonburg, Pa., recently patched a quilt containing 4,918 distinct pieces. Mrs. Annie Flythe, of Newburg, W. Va., recently patched one containing 9,544 distinct pieces. Mrs. Flythe is doubtless the champion quilt maker of both States.

I will tell "Hattie" how I make pie plant jelly. Wash and cut in small pieces, put just enough of water over it to start it to boiling; when tender drain through a coarse jelly bag, add 1 cupful of sugar for each cupful of juice, and boil over a brisk fire for 20 minutes. I've heard it should be made in August, in order to prevent its being waxey.

I think you will find the following a very nice way to can pie plant.

Peal and cut up (as you would for making pies) put in cans, and fill full of cold well water, and seal; it is very nice for Winter use put up in this way.

I will also tell my sister readers my plan for using pie-crust that is sometimes left after I've made pies; (one can't always exactly how much crust to make.) Roll out the same as for under pie-crust, over it put a spreading of butter, and jelly, roll, then cut crosswise into cakes about ¼ inch thick, put in a buttered tin and bake to a light brown. A very sharp, thin knife should be used for cutting.—MAUD H., Deru, Ind.

If Betsy Beeswax wishes to teach district school, Clay County, Kansas, would be a good place to come to. If she wants any information in regard to wages, etc., address School Director, Box 424, Clay Center, Kansas.

Take a few lumps of fresh burnt charcoal, and put in your lard while it is hot, strain it in a clean vessel, and see how it will sweeten the lard. I never tried it, but have heard it recommended often. If it succeeds, let us hear from you in the BLADE.

The leaves of common will Mulberry is very good to feed silkworms on.

Oxalic acid will remove ink stains. Dissolve 10 cents worth in a pint of soft water, dip the stained spots in it quickly, and then into clear water, and rub gently and well; repeat the process until the stains are removed. If the goods remain in the acid the texture will be destroyed. If the color of the dress is affected, mix with warm water, and wet with a dilute solution of ammonia, which will restore the original color. Ink stains on table covers can be removed in the same way. Do not let the acid get on the hands. Dip only the stained part in the solution.—A. L. GRIFFITH, Tracy City, Tenn.

Will you please tell me through the columns of the BLADE, what "Liquor Potassa" is? It was mentioned in "Health and Beauty" but when I asked our druggist for it he did not know what it was. If the same question has been answered before I do not remember it.—E. A. CONDIT.

Liquor Potassa, or Potassae as correct proof reading should have made it, is a solution of caustic potassa. It is a limpid colorless liquid, without smell, and has an acrid, caustic taste, and alkaline reaction. It dissolves gums and resins, and is antacid, diuretic and antilithic. Tell your druggist to look into his United States Dispensatory on page 1,128 and he will discover the article which he does not know anything about.—ED.

Recipes.

Strawberry Shortcake.—One pt. sifted flour, ½ teaspoonful salt, scant; ½ teaspoonful soda, measured after pulverizing; one full teaspoonful cream tartar (omit if sour milk be used), mix together and sift two or three times; ½ cup of butter, one cup sweet or sour milk or cold water. Rub in the butter, or melt the butter and add it hot with milk, gradually mixing and cutting with a knife, and use just enough to make it of light, spongy consistency. Either bake on a griddle or in the oven. When baked tear open and spread each half of the cakes with softened butter. Put half of the cakes on a hot plate. Mash half a pt. of strawberries, sweeten to taste, put a large spoonful on each cake; then put another layer of cakes and whole berries, well sugared. Serve with cream.

Strawberry Charlotte.—Line a bowl with strawberries and fill with Bavarian cream. The cream is made up of one-quarter box gelatine, one-quarter cup cold water soaked together. Whip one pint of cream till you have three pints of the whip. Boil the remainder with one-third cup of sugar, and when boiling add the gelatine. Add one teaspoonful vanilla. When the mixture is cold add whipped cream.

Strawberry Sherbet.—One pint berry juice, one pint sugar, one pint water, juice, two lemons, one tablespoonful gelatine. Or, one pint preserved fruit, one cup sugar, one quart water, two lemons, tablespoonful gelatine.

Chicken a la Creme.—Cut up and stew the chicken till tender. Thicken slightly with a wash made of flour and water or milk. While the chicken is stewing, make a dough as if for pie crust; roll thin, cut in squares or in small cakes the size of an oyster cracker, bake quickly, pour the chicken and gravy over, let stand ten or fifteen minutes and serve. Try it 'twill make the old then seem young.

Cup Custard.—One tablespoonful of flour, 2 eggs, salt to taste. Fill the cup with milk, steam or bake 15 or 20 minutes. To be eaten cold with sugar or sugar and cream.

If those who make egg custard will try butter milk sweetened with soda I think they would be pleased; when sweet milk is scarce any way. Please try and report.—BETSY BUTTERMILK.

To Cook Fowls Old or Young.—Put a piece of butter, size of an egg in a flat bottomed kettle, or large, deep spider; when melted lay in the pieces to be cooked, sprinkle with salt, cover tightly, put over the fire. Do not put in any water until it begins to fry, and then not more than half a teacupful, turn, cover up and set it back on the stove where it will not burn easily, occasionally add a very little water and turn until it is done and of a rich brown color, take out of the kettle; have some nice slices of toast ready; pour some water from the tea-kettle into the kettle; take some of this broth to soak the toast, butter it, lay it on a warm platter and spread the meat over it. Thicken the broth in the kettle with flour rubbed to a smooth paste, or, if you prefer, make a drawn butter gravy.

We prefer the plain gravy, as it is not so rich. This is delicious, much better than when fowls are put into water and boiled, as I occasionally see people do.

Good Cookies Without Eggs.—One cupful granulated sugar, 1 cupful sweet cream, grated rind of 1 lemon, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder; mix hard enough to roll easily; roll thin; sprinkle coarse sugar over the top, cut out and take quickly.—MRS. S. M. MACOMBER, Grand Isle, Vt.

Cream Cake.—1½ cupful of flour, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, sift the flour and baking powder 2 or 3 times thorely, 3 eggs. Beat the yolks and whites separately; beat the yolks and 1 cupful of sugar together, then stir the flour, baking powder, sugar and yolks of eggs together, then add 3 tablespoonfuls cold water and the whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Beat thorely and bake in layers, in a hot oven. Teaspoonful lemon.—Cream for the same.—1 cupful of sweet milk, take out 2 tablespoonfuls of the milk while cold, let the rest come to near boiling; take the cold milk and dissolve in it 1 tablespoonful corn starch; then beat 1 egg, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, 1 teaspoonful lemon. Add the ingredients to the boiling milk; stir quickly til it has thickened enough; walk till the cream is cold, then spread between each layer of cake.—LINA WELLINGTON, Smithland, Woodbury Co., Iowa.

Preserved Ginger.—Pare roots of green ginger and lay in cold water 15 minutes; boil in 3 waters (changing hot for cold every time) until tender; drain and lay in ice water. For the syrup allow 1¼ lbs. of sugar for every lb. of ginger, and a cupful of water for every lb. of sugar. Boil and skim until the scum ceases to rise. When the syrup is cold, wipe the ginger dry and drop it in. Let it stand 24 hours and then drain and reheat the syrup. Then, when blood warm, put in the ginger and do not look at it for two days. Then reboil the syrup and pour it over the ginger, scalding hot. In a week drain off again; boil and add again while hot to the ginger; cover closely. It can be used in two weeks.

Cucumber Pickles.—To 100 cucumbers add one pint of fine salt, dissolved in boiling water, and poured on the hot salt. Let stand 24 hours and turn off and rinse, then dissolve in boiling water a piece of alum the size of an egg. Pour on the cucumbers hot. Let stand six hours. Pour off and rinse, and then scald sufficient of the best cider vinegar to cover. Spice with half an ounce each of cloves, cinnamon and white mustard, with a cupful of sugar. Put this on the cucumbers boiling hot and you will have nice brittle pickles.—C. G.

Bed-Bugs, Fleas!

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

Our Young Folks.

JUNE.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

Apple-blossoms in the orchard,
Singing birds on every tree,
Grass a-growing in the meadows
Just as green as green can be;

Violets in shady places,—
Sweetest flowers were ever seen!—
Hosts of starry dandelions,—
"Drops of gold among the green!"

Pale arbutus, fairy wind-flowers,
Innocents in smiling flocks;
Coolest ferns within the hollows,
Columbines among the rocks;

Dripping streams, delicious mosses.
Tassels on the maple trees;
Drowsy insects, humming, humming;
Golden butterflies, and bees.

Daffodils in garden borders,
Fiery tulips dashed with dew;
Crocus-flowers: and, through the greenness,
Snow-drops looking out at you!

St Nicholas.

SIXTH SPINNING-WHEEL STORY

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

Four months later the heavy tidings reached them that the old Count was killed and Gaston taken prisoner. Great was the lamentation among the old men, women and children left behind; but they had little time for sorrow, for a band of the marauding Vendeans burned the chateau, and laid waste all Aubey.

"Now, mother, I must up and away to find and rescue Gaston. I promised, and if he lives, it shall be done. Let me go; you are safe now, and there is no rest for me till I know how he fares," said Yvonne, when the raid was over, and the frightened peasants ventured to return from the neighboring forests, whither they had hastily fled for protection.

"Go, my girl, and bring me news of our young lord. May you lead him safely home again to rule over us," answered Dame Gillian, devoted still,—for her husband was reported dead with his master, yet she let her daughter go without a murmur, feeling that no sacrifice was too great.

So Yvonne set out, taking with her Gaston's pet dove and the little sum of money carefully hoarded for her marriage portion. The pretty winged creature, frightened by the destruction of its home, had flown to her refuge, and she had cherished it for its master's sake. Now, when it would not leave her, but came circling around her head a league away from Dinan, she accepted the good omen, and made the bird the companion of her perilous journey.

There is no room to tell all the dangers, disappointments and fatigues endured before she found Gaston; but after being often misled by false rumors, at last discovered that he was a prisoner at Fort Penthievre. His own reckless courage had brought him there, for in one of the many skirmishes in which he had taken part, was ventured too far away from his men, and captured after fighting desperately to cut his way out. Now, alone in his cell, he raged like a caged eagle, feeling that there was no hope of escape; for the fort stood on a plateau of precipitous rock washed on two sides by the sea. He had heard of the massacre of the royalist emigrants who had landed there, and tried to prepare himself for a like fate, hoping to die as bravely as young Sombreuil, who was shot with 20 others on what was afterward named the "*Champ des Martyrs.*" His last words, when ordered by the executioner to kneel, were, "I do it; but one knee I bend for my God, the other for my king."

Day after day Gaston looked down from his narrow window, past which the gulls flew screaming, and watched the fishers at their work, the women gathering sea-weed on the sore, and the white sails flitting across the bay of Quiberon. Bitterly did he regret the willfulness which brought him there, well knowing that if he had obeyed orders he would now be free to find his father's body, and avenge his death.

"Oh, for one day of liberty, one hope of escape, one friend to cheer this dreadful solitude!" he cried, when weeks had passed and he seemed utterly forgotten:

As he spoke, he flook the heavy bars with impotent strength, then bent his head as if to butt with it, and in that act heard as if behind him a voice say, "Monsieur!" Turning, he saw a white dove struggling to get in.

"Blanchette!" he cried, and the pretty creature flew to his hand, pecking at his lips in the old caressing way he knew so well.

"My faithful bird, God bless thee!" exclaimed the poor lad, holding the dove close against his cheek to hide the trembling of his lips, so touched, so glad was he to find in his dreary prison even a dumb friend and comforter.

But Blanchette had her part to play, and presently fluttered back to the window ledge, cooing loudly as she pecked at something underneath her wing.

Then Gaston remembered how he used to send messages to Yvonne by this carrier dove, and with a thrill of joy looked for the token, hardly daring to hope any would be found. Yes! there tied carefully among the white feathers, was a tiny roll of paper, with these words rudely written on it:

"He ready; help will come. Y."

"The brave girl! the loyal heart! I might have known she would keep her promise, and come to save me," and Gaston dropped on his knees in gratitude.

Blanchette meantime tripped about the cell on her little rosy feet, ate a few crumbs of the hard bread, dipped her beak in the jug of water, dressed her feathers daintily, then flew to the bars and called him. He had nothing to send back by this sure messenger but a lock of hair, and this he tied with the same thread, in place of the note. Then kissing the bird he bade it go, watching the silver wings flash in the sunshine as it flew away, carrying joy with it and leaving hope behind.

After that the little courier came often unperceived, carrying letters to and fro; for Yvonne sent bits of paper and Gaston wrote his answers with his blood and a quill from Blanchette's wing. He thus learned how Yvonne was living in a fisher's hut on the beach, and working for his rescue as well as she dared. Every day she might be seen gathering sea-weed on the rocks or twirling her distaff at the door of the dilapidated hut, not as a young girl, but as an old woman; for she had stained her fair skin, put on ragged clothes, and hidden her fresh face under the bent-house cap worn by the women of Quiberon. Her neighbors thought her a poor soul left desolate by the war, and let her live unmolested. So she worked on secretly and steadily, playing her part well and biding her time till the long hempen rope was made, the sharp file procured unsuspected, and a boat ready to receive the fugitives.

Her plan was perilously simple, but the only one possible; for Gaston was well trained, and out of that lofty cell it seemed that no prisoner could escape without wings. A bird and a woman lent him those wings, and his flight was a nine days' wonder at the fort. Only a youth accustomed to feats of agility and strength could have safely made that dangerous escape along the face of the cliff that rose straight up from the shore. But Gaston was well trained, and the boyish pranks that used to bring him into dire disgrace now helped to save his life.

Thus, when the order came, written in the rude hand he had taught Yvonne long ago, "Pull up the thread which Blanchette will bring at midnight. Watch for a light in the bay. Then come down, and St. Barbe protect you," he was ready; for the thread brought by the bird, had secretly done its work, and several bars were loose. He knew that the attempt might cost him his life, but he was willing to gain liberty even at that price; for imprisonment seemed worse than death to his impatient spirit. The jailor went his last round, the great bell struck the appointed hour, and Gaston stood at the window, straining his eyes to catch the first ray of the promised light, when the soft whirr of wings gladdened his ear, and Blanchette arrived, looking scared and wet and weary, for rain fell, the wind blew fitfully, and the poor bird was unused to such wild work as this. But obedient to its training, it flew to its master; and no angel could have been more welcome than the storm beaten little creature as it nestled in his bosom, while he untangled the lengths of strong fine thread wound about one of its feet.

He knew what to do, and tying on the file to one end, as a weight, he let it down, praying that no cruel gust would break or blow it away. In a moment a quick jerk at the thread bade him pull again. A cord came up, and when that was firmly secured, a second jerk was the signal for the last and most important haul. Up came the stout rope, knotted here and there to aid safety and strength to the hands and feet that were to climb down that frail ladder, unless some cruel fate dashed the door boy dead upon the rocks below. The rope was made fast to an iron stable inside, the bars were torn away, and Gaston crept through the narrow opening to perch on the ledge without, while Blanchette flew down to tell Yvonne he was coming.

The moment the distant spark appeared, he bestirred himself, set his teeth, and boldly began the dangerous descent. Rain blinded him, the wind beat him against the rock, bruising hands and knees, and the way seemed endless, as he climbed slowly down, clinging with the clutch of a drowning man, and blessing Yvonne for the knots that kept him from slipping when the gusts blew him to and fro. More than once he thought that it was all over; but the good rope held fast, and strength and courage nerved heart and limbs. One greater than St. Barbe upheld him, and he dropped at last, breathless and bleeding, beside the faithful Yvonne.

There was no time for words, only a grasp of the hand, a sigh of gratitude, and they were away to the boat that tossed on the wild water with a single rower in his place.

"It is our Hoel. I found him looking for you. He is true as steel, In, in, and off, or you are lost!" whispered Yvonne, flinging a cloak about Gaston, thrusting a purse, a sword, and a flask into his hand, and holding the boat while he leaped in.

"But you?" he cried; "I can not leave you in peril, after all you have dared and done for me."

"No one suspects me; I am safe; go to my mother, she will hide you, and I will follow soon."

Waiting for no further speech, she pushed the boat off, and watched it vanish in the darkness, then went away to give thanks, and rest after her long work and excitement.

Gaston reached home safely, and Dame Gillian concealed him in the ruins of the Abbey, until anxiety for Yvonne drove him out to seek and rescue her in his turn. For she did not come, and when a returning soldier brought word that she had been arrested in her flight, and sent to Nantes, Gaston could not rest, but disguising himself as a peasant, went to find her, accompanied by faithful Hoel, who loved Yvonne, and would gladly die for her and his young master. Their hearts sank when they discovered that she was in the Bouffay, an old fortress, once a royal residence, and now a prison, crowded with unfortunate and innocent creatures, arrested on the slightest pretexts, and guillotined or drowned by the infamous Carrier. Hundreds of men and women were there, suffering terrib

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

A Correction.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

By the omission of a line and disarrangement of a few words in setting the type for my last article on sweet potato culture in BLADE of May 29, it is made to read, "There is an erroneous idea prevalent among some people that the more manure they get on their sweet potato ground the better their chances for a rousing crop of vines and little or no roots." This is wrong and conveys to the reader just the opposite impression from that intended by the writer. It should read thus: "There is an erroneous idea prevalent among some people that the more manure they get on their sweet potato ground, the greater their chances for a rousing crop of potatos, but the truth is they better the chances for a rousing crop of vines and little or no potatoes.

Another place where it reads "In selecting the ground for a seed potato patch," it should be sweet potato patch. I make these corrections because if left uncorrected the effect of the article would be in a manner spoiled, besides subjecting me to severe criticism by the readers, especially those familiar with the art of sweet potato culture.—T. G. BROSIUS, Tiffin, O.

Experimenting with "Blade" Recommendations.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

Some two months ago I noticed an article in this department on hot beds and the sprouting of sweet potatos, by T. G. Brosius, of Tiffin, O., and I went to work and made me a hot bed according to his instructions, and procured two barrels of yellow Jersey, and one barrel of yellow Nansemond sweet potatos, and put them to sprout, according to directions, and I must say I never saw nicer plants grown. There will be thousands of them go to waste after we and our neighbors plant all we have room for. I also noticed his article last week on the culture of sweet potatos, and will try to profit by it. I read several agricultural papers, but less is made much in this department of the BLADE as in any of them.—W. A. CRAUN, Butler, Ind.

Feed for Pigs.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

A month or so ago I saw in the BLADE an experiment in feeding hogs, on an experiment farm somewhere in the East. There were three pens of pigs; one was fed on corn exclusively, another on potatos exclusively, and the third on both united. The result was, neither of the first two pens thrived as was expected, while the last, or the one to which cooked food was given were in fine condition, simply astonished the proprietors. Being obliged to fatten some September pigs, I resolved to try the last-named style of feeding. I put eight pigs into a pen and began feeding one-half bushel of corn (or rather ears) three times per day; also two pails of cooked potatos with other swill three times per day. The pen was kept clean and litter changed three times per week. The result exceeded anything I ever tried. The pigs were thrifty Polands, and did not average 100 pounds when put up. After feeding 26 days, they were sold, and the average was 178 pounds. I increased the feed of corn to one basketful three times per day, and during the month I left off the potatos for two days, when the pigs fell off in their feed, and refused to eat but one-half basket of corn. When potatos were renewed, the pigs looked up, and squealed for corn. When potatos go below thirty cents, feed them to the pigs, is my advice to pork raisers. Also do not expect the pig to thrive while eating corn in the dirt, mud and filth of the barnyard, but give him a clean place to eat from and a clean, dry bed, with plenty of straw, and your chances of hog cholera are limited. I put in my swill barrel, at first, once in a week, a tablespoonful of pine tar and the same of sulphur, and I have never had a sick hog, while my neighbors have lost hogs all around me.—N. G. THOMPSON, Keelersville.

Japan Clover Lespedeza Striata.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

Japan clover, about which several inquiries have appeared in the BLADE recently, made its appearance in the vicinity of Charleston, S. C., some 50 or more years ago. It is said to have been brought there in the bay in which crockery was packed. From there it spread throughout the Gulf States, making its advent into this country in 1858, when it crossed the Mississippi only a year or two since and is now spreading rapidly over Arkansas. Why its line of march has been Westward instead of North and South is not quite clear. Cattle have been the principal means of spreading it. This clover is inclined to creep, but on good land, where it is thick, it grows erect and attains the height of two or three feet. It makes excellent hay if cut and housed the same day it peeps at its seventh, color and odor preserved better than any other clover that I am acquainted with. While it loves moist shady places it grows everywhere, by the road, on the hill side, in the woods, and on land where the top soil has been washed off, and nothing else will grow. Old worn out fields, where this cover has grown for a few years, produce nearly as good crops as when first cleared. It makes good pasturage, as my cows that are now grazing on it will testify unless. It does not stand drouth well but keeps green in the woods and shaded places through our driest seasons. Frost kills it down to the ground in the Fall, but as it covers the ground as soon as frosts are over in the Spring, I presume that the roots retain their vitality. A good deal of the Spring crop comes from the seed, which retain their vitality, probably for more than one year.

George W. Wolf wants to know if ever green millett drouth proof grass and Japan clover are not one and the same, and I will say that there is not a particle resemblance between them, any more than there will be between red clover and timothy Japan. Like all of the clover family, it is easy to exterminate and instead of being a pest is a great boon. As it ripens only a seed or two at a time, which drop to the ground before others appear, it is very difficult to obtain seed, but when we get to making hay of it and feeding in racks with a trough beneath to catch the seed, we can save plenty of seed.

My advice to farmers is to let Johnson, drouth grass and all grasses that live for ever alone, for if you introduce them you will never regret it but once, and that will be the balance of your lives. If you want a permanent pasture get bluegrass or Bermuda, which are among the most nutritious, and can be eradicated. But I prefer clover. Japan and Lincine are the best summer clovers, and the latter remains green most of the Winter in this latitude, and the Japan Winter or Winter clover, which, as its name indicates, grow all Winter; then, with the red and white clover, we certainly ought to find something for our stock without getting pests that we never can get rid of.—C. C. L. DILL, Pickensville, Ala.

German Carp.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

In looking over the Farm Department in your issue of May 22 I notice a correspondent who says, "Keep Clear of Carp." Why? Principally because its table qualities are poor. Allow me to take issue with the gentleman on this. That the food eaten by any animal or fish determines, to a great extent, the quality of its flesh, is certainly true. Your correspondent says, "Its habits are hoglike, its food the offal of the kitchen." Is this true? To a certain extent it is. If fed the table refuse it will eat it; but who would not rather eat a fish whose principal diet was bread, potatos or vegetables, than one that lives on vile worms and bugs, as does the bass. Again, your correspondent says, the pond must be shallow, and if stagnant, the better." In this he is greatly mistaken. The carp no more desires stagnant water than does the animal desire foul air to breathe. Neither should the pond be shallow except at the edges. The pond in which my carp grew from two to 10 inches in six months, is eight feet deep, with pure, clear water. The best pond for carp is a clear, warm one, 10 to 15 feet deep in the center, and sloping to the edge, with a mud bottom. The great objection to bass is that it must have animal food, and hence costs more than it comes to. Where food and not game fish are wanted I say take carp. The bass grows from one half to one pound per year, and stops growing at eight pounds; while the carp grows from two to five pounds per year, and stops growing at from 40 to 100 pounds. Considering the fact that there is no article of diet that is liked by every one, it is not strange that there are occasionally persons who dislike the flavor of carp.—I. JONES, Russell, Ia.

Another Defender.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm.

The last weeks BLADE has an article by E. C. West, of Belleville, Ill., in which he states from his experience keep clear of Carp fish, and from mine I say get as many as you can. He states that they are hoglike, and finds fault with them for eating what he has left on the table after he has got his fill and that they are a poor table dish. In this I differ much with him. They are an excellent table fish, far superior to either the hog or fine yellow legged chicken so beloved by the preachers. If they, after eating all kinds of filth are good, I cannot see why he should condemn the Carp because it will eat the scraps from the table. He says the water must be stagnant. This is not correct, but the pond, to get a rapid growth, must not be very deep, and not too shallow as to become impure. As for its being a coward, that is one of its good qualities, it cannot be captured by any one that may choose to help themselves whenever they like, which they can do with the kinds he refers to by catching them with hook and line. I would advise any and all of your readers that have the facilities for pond making to do so and raise all the fish their families want, and not have to depend on the wagons running through the country selling fish that have been in the city markets until they are compelled to remove them. These are run out in the country and sold to those that can not get fish very often. They are sold as fresh fish because they have a few lumps of ice on them. Any one that will make a pond and stock it with Carp will not regret it, that is is they are fond of good fresh fish. —CHAS. H. STURR, Preston, Hamilton Co., Ohio.

Information Wanted.

CHICKEN CHOLERA.—Can any of the BLADE readers give me a cure for chicken cholera.—R. L. POWELL, Indianola, Ill.

SCOURS.—What will cure scours in horses and cattle.—B. BATES, jr., Redmon, Ill.

GAPES.—What will cure chickens of gapes. —MOLLIE H., Fairmount, Ind.

SAGE.—How should sage be cultivated and harvested.—WARREN WINCHESTER, Rushford.

BUGS ON SQUASH.—Please tell me how to kill bugs on squash and watermellon vines, also how to kill worms on gooseberry bushes.—F. RANDOLPH, Pewamo, Ionia Co., Mich.

BERMUDA SEED.—Can any of your subscribers inform me where I can buy bermuda grass seed. Answer by card.—S. C. NORWOOD, Pikeville, Tenn.

BOX ELDER.—Should the seed of box-elder be planted in the Spring or Fall.—A CONSTANT READER, Bridgeville.

PIP IN CHICKENS.—I am raising young chickens in a brooder. All of them are afflicted with the Pip, or a hardening of the tongue. If the hardened part is not removed at once the chickens sicken, droop their wings, refuse to eat, and die. Whether the hardening is a sickness in itself, or only the symptoms of another disease, I do not know. Please give me a recipe for the treatment or prevention of the disease. The chickens are fed soft food, and always kept dry and warm. What is the best food for fattening young chickens?—F. A. LEHMAN, Washington, D. C.

COWS.—E. Erskine, P. O. address not given, wants information concerning a stock of cows mentioned in the BLADE several months ago which were smaller than the Jerseys and excellent milkers. He thinks they were owned by a man in Georgia.

Plow Points.

There are 46,000 farmers in Maine.

Flax culture in Iowa is being extended.

The English fruit crop is reported a failure.

Old fish buried near grape vines is a good fertilizer.

Kerosene applied to tree roots will drive away insects.

Chicago makes 150,000 pounds of butterine every day.

White Hellebore is recommended for cabbage worms.

The hoe should be freely used wherever Canada thistles abound.

In Michigan, clover and Winter wheat are in excellent condition.

Strong brine, made of common salt, is said to be good for string halt.

New Jersey has a strict law against the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine.

Silk worms are being distributed by the Agricultural Commissioner of Georgia.

Weed the vegetable beds early and often. There is no danger of this being overdone.

The clip of wool from Colorado flocks this year is expected to reach 10,000,000 pounds.

It is claimed that "sway-packed" horses keep in better condition on the same feed than the high-backed.

Artichokes are being cultivated more and more every year as food for stock. They are considered profitable in some sections.

Never buy second-hand implements because they appear to be cheap. It will prove economy in the end to buy good implements from reputable dealers.

A sub-Committee has reported to the Iowa Agricultural Committee a bill to establish agricultural experiment stations at the various State agricultural colleges.

A cattle raiser of Texas, who has just made a tour of the stock region, estimates the drive for the season at half a million head. Some advance herds have arrived at Dodge City.

By devoting the old moments to the eradication of the weeds and wild berries that infest the fence corners, much will be added to the convenience, good looks and value of the premises.

The articles on the German Carp, which have recently appeared in the BLADE FARM, have awakened quite an interest in the question. Two communications in defense of the Carp are given space this week.

The articles on sweet potato culture which have recently been contributed to the BLADE FARM by Mr. T. G. Brosius, of Tiffin, are receiving hearty endorsement from our correspondents in all parts of the country. We are sorry that the types got so mixed last week as to make a correction in this issue necessary.

A telegram from Fargo, Dakota, last Thursday says a number of wheat growers from all parts of Northern Dakota were there the day before to witness an experiment in plowing by steam. A traction engine drew eight plows, turning a sod four inches thick as evenly and well as could be done by horse power, and at a rate of over 25 acres a day. This will mark a new era in wheat growing, as it will enable farmers to plow at a cost of not more than $1 per acre.

Somebody has cirbeoral up the potato production of the world thus: Germany, 235,000,000 hundred weights; France, 113,-000,000; Russia, 110,000,000; Austria, 76,-000,000; United States, 47,000,000; Ireland, 38,000,000; England, 26,000,000; Belgium, 25,000,000; Sweden, 16,000,000; Holland, 15,000,000; Hungary, 14,000,000; Italy, 7,-000,000; Norway, 6,000,000; Denmark, 5,-000,000; Australia, 3,000,000; Portugal, 3,-000,000; and Spain, 2,000,000.

The season has now arrived when the thrifty farmer goes forth to battle with the insects, those little pests which attack all kinds of vegetation. An exchange says: Syringe the rose, currant and gooseberry bushes with a decoction of hellebore in water to repel and destroy injurious insects. About a tablespoonful of powder to a 12-quart pail of water is the quantity to use; syringe every part of the bushes thoroughly. This repels the white fly from the rose when done in season, and saves the foliage from being skeletoned later."

From present indications, it is probable that this country will harvest, this year, the largest wheat crop ever raised here. Reports from Europe, too, speak very highly of the condition of transatlantic wheat. Some time ago it was feared that in Great Britain the remarkably mild Winter and early Spring might force the wheat too much forward; but these fears have proved groundless. Neither rust nor insects have hitherto injured the crop, and the best authorities say the stand has seldom looked so well at this season. Barley and oats, too, are reported to be in fine condition everywhere. With the prospect of immense wheat crops on both sides of the Atlantic, it is hardly likely that even speculation can raise the price of wheat much higher during the current year.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Warning Symptoms.

Don't neglect these. If you have symptoms of Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Neuralgia or the indications of any other disease which may keep its hold upon you until it becomes chronic, do not neglect the warning indications. Meet the enemy upon the very threshold, and while your vitality is yet unimpaired. If your regular physician fails to reach the case, then we advise you to try the new Vitalizing Treatment of Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard street, Philadelphia. It will be found an almost certain means of restoration—the way back to health—*as an agent that may save you from a life of invalidism, or from permanent death.* In saying this, we are not speaking lightly, nor from mere professional interest nor from theory or general assumptions. In proof, you are offered an array of facts and results so large, so well authenticated, and so positive, that no one in the habit of weighing evidence can doubt them. If you write to Drs. Starkey & Palen, they will send you such documents and reports of cases as will enable you to decide for yourself whether this treatment will benefit you

The Massachusetts Senate concurred with the House in passing the salary bill over the Governor's veto.

The Sunday School.

Obedience to Law.

LESSON 12, SUNDAY JUNE 22, 1884.

Golden Text.—Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers.—Rom. 13: 1.

LESSON TEXT.

Rom. 13: 1-10.

1. Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God. The powers that be are ordained of God.

2. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation.

3. For rulers are not a terror to good works but to the evil. Wilt thou then not be afraid of the power? do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise of the same:

4. For he is the minister of God to thee for good. But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid; for he beareth not the sword in vain for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil.

5. Wherefore ye must needs be subject, not only for wrath, but also for conscience' sake.

6. For, for this cause, pay ye tribute also, for they are God's ministers, attending continually upon this very thing.

7. Render therefore to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honor to whom honor.

8. Owe no man anything, but to love one another; for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law.

9. For this, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not kill, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness, Thou shalt not covet; and if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, namely, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

10. Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

The powers that be are ordained of God (v. 1.) Here is where the Bible and the American Declaration of Independence have a very different way of stating the truth as to the origin of Government. The Declaration of Independence says, "Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." The Bible says, "The powers that be (which are instituted among men) are ordained of God." One looks downward for the origin of government and the source of its powers; the other looks upward. If these two statements can be reconciled, then both of them can be accepted as true; but if they are inconsistent with each other, the Bible statement must be accepted as wholly right. At all events, it is well for the Bible doctrine on this point to be taught plainly and earnestly in our Sunday schools. A parent derives his just powers at the head of his family, not from the consent of his children, but from the will of God. All government derives its just powers from that same source. Recognizing this truth, gives a sacredness to government as representing God, and justifies an uprising against a government only when that government in unfaithful to the responsibility entrusted to it from God, and when obedience to that government is irreconcilable with obedience to God; when, in fact, resistance against that government is an unmistakable duty toward God.

Therefore he that resisteth the power (which is ordained of God) resisteth the ordinance of God (v. 2.) Few persons are ready to say that they will resist God; but a great many persons do not hesitate to say that they will resist the powers of government. To resist any legitimate government within the just powers of that government, is, however, to, resist God, by resisting his representatives. To resist a parent, within the proper sphere of parental rule, is to resist God. To resist ecclesiastical authority within the proper sphere of ecclesiastical rule, is to resist God. To resist rightful authority in any sphere of home, or church, or community, or State, within the proper scope of those authorities, is so far to resist God. We, in America, need to recognize this truth more clearly, and to have it in mind more constantly. Even if we are privileged of God to have a voice in choosing our rulers, we ought to understand that when they are chosen and duly installed as rulers, they represent God, within the limits of their rightful authority, and an offense against them is so far an offense against God. Nor are Irishmen, Spaniards, or Russians, to be counted as exempt from the requirements of this doctrine.

He beareth not the sword in vain; for he is a minister of God, an avenger for wrath to him that doeth evil (v. 4.) A sword is something more than an apothecary's spatula. It can draw blood well as spread a soothing salve. He who bears a sword as God's representative, can use the sword for everything for which God would use it within the sphere of that official's just responsibility. This it is which justifies the use of a sword for the protection of a God-given government or the punishment of the offenders against that government. And when a rightful government calls its subjects to aid in the maintenance of God-given authority, he who uses the sword accordingly at such a call is another minister of God, another avenger for wrath to him that doeth evil.

Wherefore ye must needs be in subjection not only because of wrath, but also for conscience sake (v. 5.) Suppose that all penalties for the breach of human law were done away with; that there were no fines, no imprisonments, no executions, endangered by the violation of law; would there be no increase of crime in consequence? He who keeps the law because he is afraid of the consequences of disobedience, keeps it through the pressure of the perils from its breach. He who recognizes the law as God's injunction, and is moved by love toward God, keeps that law as a matter of affection ate duty toward God. "Wherefore ye must needs be in subjection, not only because of wrath, but also for conscience sake."

Render to all their dues (v. 7.) Government has its rights; and the governed have their rights. There are women's rights, and men's rights, and children's rights. There are parents' rights, and husbands' rights, and wives rights, and friends' rights, and a great many other rights. And with every right there is a correspondent duty. Some of these rights and duties are very generally recognized; others of them are commonly, or often, ignored or forgotten. There are those who render to some their dues, and who deny to others their dues. The injunction here is, "Render to all their dues." Whenever you meet another person anywhere, in your parlor or in your kitchen, in street or shop, or office, or school, on the farm, or in the railway car, consider what that person's rights are just then and there, and render that person his or her due accordingly.

Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore love is fulfilling of the law (v. 10.) He who holds his neighbor in loving regard, and who never acts or speaks with reference to his neighbor except in love, will be sure not to transgress any commandment of God. It makes no difference whether he knows the precise commandments of the law or not; his loving regard for his neighbor is certain to keep him within its bounds. All the commandments are for the good of God's creatures, and every way consistent with that good; not one of these commandments can harm any well-doing man. So far, the commandments and love work together; for a man's love worketh no ill to his neighbor: "therefore love is the fulfilling of the law." The details of the law need not trouble a man who is so swayed by the spirit which prompted that law that he is certain to do all that it requires and more also. If a man loves a friend as he loves his life, he doesn't need to hunt up a social manual to instruct him in the literal requirement of an exact friendship. His love is sure of making him do and be everything that the books could ask for, and a good deal beyond that. This freedom from the bondage (of the letter) of the law.—*H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.*

LOKONI, Ark., October 26, 1883.—For the sake of the balance of mankind who may be suffering I wish to give you my experience with one of your Georgia remedies. I have been afflicted with Scrofula for more than 12 years—have had sores on me as large as a man's hand for that length of time, and last Summer was so bad off that I could not wear any clothing. Everybody, including myself, had given me up to die, and said I would be a dead man in three months. I had taken hundreds of bottles of all kinds of medicines, had spent hundreds of dollars with physicians and had ruined my system with mercury and potash, when a friend told me of the wonderful cures made by Swift's Specific. I got it and began its use, and soon found it was just what I wanted. In a short time it cleared me sound and well. Thousands of dollars could not buy from me what Swift's Specific has done for me. The County officials, and in fact everybody in the County will bear witness to what I have written, for I was a well known case. Yours respectfully

R. L. HIGH.

Running Horses Upon a Railway.

HILLSBORO, Ill June 4.—Yesterday, at Nakomis, a team belonging to Martin Lingle became frightened, ran away, and demolished the wagon to which they were attached. They ran upon the railroad track and kept on for a distance of two miles, crossing two cattle-guards and a railroad bridge thirty feet long without being injured.

News of the Week

THE GREAT CONVENTION.

Organization—Speech of the Chairman——Platform——Nominating Speeches—Balloting—Blaine and Logan Nominated.

CHICAGO, June 3.—When it was finally announced that J. R. Lynch had 431 votes and was elected Temporary Chairman, a scene of the wildest confusion ensued. Delegates rose in their seats, cheered, swung hats and shouted. The spectators joined in the demonstration. On a motion the vote was made unanimous. The Chairman appointed Powell Clayton, of Arkansas; H. C. Lodge, of Massachusetts, and W. N. Taft, of South Carolina, a committee to escort Lynch to the Chair. As the committee appeared the applause was hearty, and the feeling of disappointment seemed to disappear.

My Lynch made a good impression by his quiet and modest demeanor. The Chairman said that he had the honor and great pleasure of presenting to the Convention, as its Temporary Chairman, the Hon. John R. Lynch, of Mississippi. [Cheers]. Mr. Lynch, taking the Chair, said:

"GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION: I feel that I ought not to say that I thank you for the distinguished honor that you have conferred upon me, for I do not. Nevertheless, from the standpoint that no patriot should fail to respond to his country's call and that no loyal member of his party should fail to comply with the demand of his party, I yield with reluctance to your decision, and assume the duties of the position to which you have assigned me. Every member of this Convention who approached me on this subject, within the last few hours, knows that this position was neither expected nor desired by me. If, therefore, there is any such thing as a man having honors thrust upon him, you have an exemplification of it in this instance. [Laughter and applause.] I came to this Convention not for the purpose of securing the defeat of any man or the success of any man, but for the purpose of contributing to the extent of my vote and my influence to make Republican success in November next an assured fact. [Cheers.]

"I hope and believe that the assembled wisdom of the Republican party of the Nation, through its chosen representatives in this hall, will so shape its platform and present such candidates before the American people as will make that victory beyond a shadow of doubt. So far as the candidates for the Presidential nomination are concerned, I do not wish any gentleman to feel that my election by your votes is indicative of anything relative to the preference of one candidate over another. I am prepared, and I hope that every member of this Convention is prepared, to return to his home with an unmistakable determination to give to the Convention a loyal and hearty support, whoever they may be. [Cheers.]

"I am satisfied, in my own mind, that when we go before the people of this country, our action will be ratified, because the great majority of the American people will never consent to have a political party gain the ascendancy in this government, whose chief reliance is on a fraudulent ballot and on violence at the polls. [Applause.] I am satisfied that the people of this country are too loyal ever to allow a man to be inaugurated President of the United States, whose title to the position is brought forth in fraud. I am satisfied that the American people will ratify our action, because they will never consent to have a revenue system for the government other than one that will not only raise the necessary revenue for its support, but will also be sufficient to protect every American citizen in his business. [Cheers.] Gentlemen, not for myself, but perhaps in obedience to custom, I thank you for the honor you have conferred upon me."

At the suggestion of Hon. John A. Martin, Secretary of the National Committee, Hon. Titus Sheard, of New York, and J. W. Lee, of Pennsylvania, were chosen Assistant Secretaries to serve during the pendency of the temporary organization. The Chairman of delegations then announced the names of persons selected to serve on the various committees of the Convention.

Henry L. Pierce of Massachusetts, presented the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That the subject of a revised apportionment of delegates to future National Conventions and of revised apportionment of members of National Committees be referred to the Committee on Rules and Order of Business, to report before the ballot for President."

After some discussion the resolution was adopted.

THE VOTE BY STATES.

An analysis of the vote for temporary Chairman by States is as follows:

States.	Lynch.	Clayton.
Alabama	20	...
Arkansas	1	13
California	...	16
Colorado	...	6
Connecticut	6	...
Delaware	1	5
Florida	7	1
Georgia	24	...
Illinois	16	28
Indiana	10	20
Iowa	1	27
Kansas	3	17
Kentucky	22	4
Louisiana	13	3
Maine	....	12
Maryland	5	11
Massachusetts	25	8
Michigan	9	17
Minnesota	9	...
Mississippi	17	...
Missouri	14	18
Nebraska	2	8
Nevada	...	6
New Hampshire	7	1
New Jersey	6	12
New York	43	29
North Carolina	17	3
Ohio	24	22
Oregon	...	6
Pennsylvania	18	42
Rhode Island	8	2
South Carolina	15	...
Tennessee	22	2
Texas	16	9
Vermont	7	1
Virginia	21	3
West Virginia	....	12
Wisconsin	11	11
Arizona	1	1
New Mexico	2	...
Dakota	1	1
Utah	....	2
Montana	1	1
Idaho	2	...
Wyoming	2	...
District of Columbia	2	...
Washington Territory	1	...
Totals	431	387

CHICAGO, June 4.—James A. Gary, of Maryland, presented a memorial and asked that it be read. It was from the President and Secretary of the State Temperance Alliance of that State, embodying resolutions passed by that body May 6th, last, appealing to the Conventions of the Republican and Democratic parties to embody a clause in their platforms distinctly recognizing prohibition, and to nominate candidates in accord therewith, and saying that if neither recognized this principle the memorialists would vote for neither, and that if one of them did so then the ballots of the Alliance would be cast for the candidate of that party.

Gen. Geo. B. Williams, of Indiana, Chairman of the Committee on Permanent Organization, reported that the Committee had selected Gen. John B. Henderson, of Missouri, as Permanent Chairman and would request the Secretary to read the list of Vice Presidents and Secretaries. Charles W. Clisbee, of Michigan, was selected as principal Secretary. The report was agreed to.

The Chair appointed Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts and Geo. B. Williams, of Indiana, a Committee to conduct the Permanent Chairman to the platform. Gen. Henderson was received with cheers.

The following is the speech of Gen. Henderson, of Missouri, permanent Chairman:

"GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION: We have assembled here to survey the past history of the party, to rejoice as we may because of the good it has done, to correct its errors, if errors there be; to discover if possible the wants of the present and with patriotic firmness provide for the future. Our past history is the Union preserved, slavery abolished and its former victims equally and honorably by our sides in this Convention; the public faith maintained; unbounded credit at home and abroad; a currency convertible into coin, and the pulses of industry throbbing with renewed health and vigor in every section of a prosperous and peaceful country. These are the fruits of triumphs over adverse policies gained in the military and civil conflicts of the last 24 years. Out of these conflicts has come a race of heroes and statesmen, challenging confidence and love at home, and respect and admiration abroad. And now when we come to select a standard bearer for the approaching conflict, our chief embarrassment is not in the want, but in the abundance of Presidential material. New York has her true and tried statesman, upon whose administration the fierce and even unfriendly light of public scrutiny has been turned and the universal verdict is, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." Vermont has her great statesman, whose mind is as clear as the crystal spring of his native State, and whose virtue is as firm as its granite hills. Ohio can come with a name whose history is the history of the Republican party itself. Illinois can come with one who never failed in the discharge of his public duty, whether in the council chamber or on the field of battle. Maine has her honored favorite, whose splendid abilities and personal qualities have endeared him to the hearts of his friends, and the brilliancy of whose genius challenges the admiration of all. Connecticut and Indiana may come with names scarcely less illustrious than these. And now, in conclusion, if because of any personal disagreement, or the emergencies of the occasion, another name is sought, there remains that grand old hero of Kenesaw Mountain and Atlanta. When patriotism calls, he cannot, if he could, be silent; but grasping that banner to him so dear which he has already borne in triumph, he will march to a civic victory no less renowned than those of war. I thank you, gentlemen, for this distinguished mark of your confidence."

The allusions to Arthur, Sherman, Edmunds and Logan were heartily applauded, but when Blaine was alluded to as a man whose splendid abilities and personal qualities had endeared him to the hearts of his friends, and whose brilliancy of genius challenged the admiration of mankind, a storm of applause broke out, and on the stage, floor and galleries men started up and waving their hats and handkerchiefs, cheered again and again. The women also took part in the demonstration, and waved their fans and handkerchiefs. After the first storm of applause had worn itself it was again renewed, and once again the enthusiasm was as marked and intense as that which characterized the Convention of 1880 at the time of Garfield's nomination. It was fully five minutes before the Chairman was able to resume and finish his speech.

Bishop of Massachusetts, on behalf of the minority of the Committee, reported a rule that each State shall be entitled to four delegates at large and one additional delegate for each representative at large, if any; that each Territory and the District of Columbia shall be entitled to two delegates; that each Congressional District shall be entitled to one delegate and an additional delegate for over 10,000 majority votes or fraction thereof cast for the Republican Presidential electoral ticket at the last preceding Presidential election, and that the Republican National Committee shall within a year after each Presidential election certify the representation to which each State is entitled.

Carver of Indiana, supported the minority report as entirely in keeping with the genius of American institutions.

The minority report gave rise to an exciting debate, and was finally withdrawn. The majority report was then adopted.

THE PLATFORM.

The Committee on Resolutions presented their report as follows:

The Republicans of the United States, in National Convention assembled, renew their allegiance to the principles upon which they have triumphed in six successive Presidential elections, and congratulate the American people on the attainment of so many results in legislation and administration by which the Republican party has, after saving the Union, done so much to render its institutions just, equal and beneficent, the safeguard of liberty and the embodiment of the best thought and highest purposes of our citizens.

The Republican party has gained its strength by quick and faithful response to the demands of the people for the freedom and the equality of all men, for a united Nation, assuring the rights of all citizens; for the elevation of labor; for an honest currency; for purity in legislation and for integrity and accountability in all departments of the Government; and it accepts anew the duty of leading in the work of progress and reform.

We lament the death of Pres. Garfield, whose sound statesmanship, long conspicuous in Congress, gave promise of a strong and successful administration, a promise fully realized during the short period of his office as President of the United States. His distinguished success in war and peace endeared him to the hearts of the American people.

In the administration of Pres. Arthur, we recognize a wise, conservative and patriotic policy under which the country has been blessed with remarkable prosperity, and we believe his eminent services are entitled to and will receive the hearty approval of every citizen.

It is the first duty of a good government to protect the rights and promote the interests of its own people. The largest diversity of industry is most productive of general prosperity and of the comfort and independence of the people. We, therefore, demand that the imposition of duties on foreign imports shall be made not "for revenue only," but that in raising the necessary revenues for the government, such duties shall be so levied as to afford security to our diversified industries and protection to the rights and wages of the laborer, to the end that active and intelligent labor, as well as capital, may have its just award, and the laboring man his full share in the national prosperity. Against the so-called economic system of the Democratic party, which would degrade our labor to the foreign standard, we enter our earnest protest. The Democratic party has failed completely to relieve the people of the burden of unnecessary taxation by a wise reduction of the surplus. The Republican party pledges itself to correct the inequalities of the tariff, and to reduce the surplus, not by the vicious and indiscriminate process of horizontal reductions, but by such methods as will relieve the taxpayers without injuring the labor, or the great productive interests of the country.

We recognize the importance of sheep-husbandry in the United States; the serious depression which it is now experiencing and the danger threatening its future prosperity, and we therefore respect the demands of the representatives of this important agricultural interest for a readjustment of duty upon foreign wool, in order that such industry shall have full and adequate protection.

We have always recommended the best money known to the civilized world, and we urge that efforts should be made to unite all commercial nations in the establishment of an international standard which shall fix for all the relative value of gold and silver coinage.

The regulation of commerce with foreign nations and between the States is one of the most important prerogatives of the general government, and the Republican party distinctly announces its purpose to support such legislation as will fully and efficiently carry out the constitutional power of Congress over inter-state commerce.

The principle of the public regulation of railway corporations is a wise and salutary one for the protection of all classes of the people, and we favor legislation that shall prevent unjust discrimination and excessive charges for transportation, and that shall secure to the people and the railways alike the fair and equal protection of the laws.

We favor the establishment of a National Bureau of Labor, the enforcement of the eight hour law, a wise and judicious system of general education by adequate appropriation from the National revenues wherever the same is needed.

We believe that every where the protection to artisans of American birth must be secured to citizens by American adoption, and we favor the settlement of national differences by inter-national arbitration.

The Republican party, having its birth in a hatred of slave labor, and a desire that all men may be truly free and equal, is unalterably opposed to placing our workingmen in competition with any form of servile labor, whether at home or abroad. In this spirit we denounce the importation of contract labor, whether from Europe or Asia, as an offense against the spirit of American institution, and we pledge ourselves to sustain the present law restricting Chinese immigration, and to provide such further legislation as is necessary to carry out its purposes.

The reform of the civil service, seriously begun under a Republican Administration, should be completed by a further extension of the reformed system already established by law to all the grades of the service to which it is applicable. The spirit and purpose of the reform should be observed in all executive appointments, and all laws at variance with the objects of existing reform legislation should be repealed, to the end that the dangers to free institution which lurk in the power of official patronage may be wisely and effectively avoided.

The public lands are a heritage of the people of the United States, and should be reserved as far as possible for small holdings by actual settlers. We are opposed to the acquisition of large tracts of these lands by corporations or individuals, especially where such holding are in the hands of non-resident aliens, and we will endeavor to obtain such legislation as will tend to correct this evil. We demand of Congress the speedy forfeiture of all land grants which have been or may be forfeited by non-compliance with acts of incorporation, in all cases where there has been no attempt in good faith to perform the condition of such grants.

The grateful thanks of the American people are due to the Union soldiers and sailors of the late war, and the Republican party stands pledged to secure suitable pensions for all who were disabled, for the widow and orphans of those who died in the war. The Republican party also pledges itself to the repeal of the limitation contained in the arrears act of 1879, so that all invalid soldiers shall share alike and their pensions begin with the date of disability or discharge, and not with the date of the application.

The Republican party favors a policy which shall keep us from entangling alliances with foreign nations, and which gives us the right to expect that foreign nations shall refrain from meddling in American affairs—the policy which seeks peace, can trade with all powers, but especially with those of the Western hemisphere.

We demand the restoration of our navy to its old time strength and efficiency, that it may in any sea protect the rights of American citizens and the interests of American commerce, and we call upon Congress to remove the burdens under which American shipping has been depressed, so that it may again be true that we have a commerce which leaves no sea unexplored, and a navy which takes no law from superior force.

Resolved, That appointments by the President to offices in the Territories should be made from the bona fide citizens and residents of the Territories wherein they are to serve.

Resolved, That it is the duty of Congress to enact such laws as shall promptly and effectually suppress the system of polygamy within our territory, and divorce the political from the ecclesiastical power of the so-called Mormon Church, and that the law so enacted should be rigidly enforced by the civil authorities if possible, and by the military if need be. The people of the United States in their organized capacity constitute a Nation, and not a mere confederacy of States. The National Government is supreme within the sphere of its National duty, but the States have reserved rights which should be faithfully maintained. Each should be guarded with zealous care, so that the harmony of our system of government may be preserved and the Union kept inviolate. The perpetuity of our institutions rests upon the maintenance of a free ballot and honest count and correct returns. We denounce the fraud and violence practiced by the Democracy in Southern States, by which the will of the voter is defeated, as dangerous to the preservation of free institutions, and we solemnly arraign the Democratic party as being the guilty recipient of the fruits of such fraud and violence. We extend to the Republicans of the South, regardless of their former party affiliations, our cordial sympathy, and pledge to them our most earnest efforts to promote the passage of such legislation as will secure to every citizen of whatever race and color the full and complete recognition, possession, and exercise of all civil and political rights.

The resolutions were adopted without discussion, and amid much applause.

The next business in order was the call of States for the announcement of members of the National Committee. A motion to postpone the call was made, and voted down, and the call was then proceeded with.

The Convention then took a recess till 7 P. M.

CHICAGO, June 5.—The night session was called to order at 7.35. Mr. Dutcher, of New York, asked unanimous consent to pass a resolution granting 500 extra seats to veterans. The question being put, the Chair decided it carried. Several States were then called to nominate members of the National Committee.

CONNECTICUT CALLED.

The Secretary then proceeded to call the roll of States for nominations. When the name of Connecticut was called, Mr. Brandegee, of Connectic

The Great Convention—Continued.

even before the last figures were pronounced by Mr. McPherson, the vast audience arose and broke out into another mad demonstration of enthusiasm. Cheers resounded, the band struck up an inspiring air, hats and handkerchiefs and National flags were waved. A large, square banner from Kansas was carried through the hall, promising large majorities in that State for Blaine, and with its two unrights capped with new brooms. A stuffed eagle, from Colorado, was also carried around in the procession. The roar of artillery outside was heard, coming with a louder roar of voices inside, and amid great enthusiasm the nomination was made unanimous.

The following dispatch from Pres. Arthur was read by McPherson, of Pennsylvania:

The President has sent the following dispatch to Mr. Blaine:

W. J. PHILLIPS, Private Secretary.

"To Hon. James G. Blaine, Augusta, Me:

"As the candidate of the Republican party, you will receive my earnest and cordial support. CHESTER A. ARTHUR."

This was received with loud applause. The Convention adjourned until 8 o'clock.

THE VICE PRESIDENCY.

Considering that all excitement and interest in the Convention concluded to-day in the nomination of Blaine, there was a very large attendance, as well of delegates as of spectators, at the evening session; the galleries were hardly less crowded than any of the preceding sessions, but there was a marked absence of other feeling than one of curiosity.

It was 8:15 o'clock when the Chairman's gavel fell and announced that prayer would be offered by Rev. Dr. Charles O'Reilly, of Detroit. Dr. O'Reilly is Treasurer of the Irish National League of America, and is the first Catholic to open a Republican National Convention with prayer. It may then be said that the Republicans have introduced two new features in this Convention—a colored man as temporary Chairman, and a representative of the Catholic church invited to participate in the official proceedings on an equality with Protestant ministers. Dr. O'Reilly is a life-long Republican.

At the conclusion of his prayer, the Chair called for the names of the members of the National Committee, which had not already been sent up. Florida announced the name of Jesse G. Cobb, and the District of Columbia, Col. Perry Carson.

A resolution was passed permitting State Central Committees to name members of the National Committee will not already named.

Conger, from the District of Columbia, said the name of Carson had not been agreed upon by the delegation. The Chair decided the gentleman out of order. Pending action, a resolution was passed to limit Vice-Presidential nominating speeches to 10 minutes, which might be divided between two or more speakers.

The Clerk proceeded to call the roll of States for nominations. No response was received till Illinois was reached, when Sen. Plumb, of Kansas, came forward. He said the Convention had completed two of its most serious duties—the adoption of a platform and the nominating of a candidate for President. The platform was one on which all good Republicans could unite and the candidate one who could beat any Democrat living or dead, but it was still important that the best possible man should be named for second place. It was but a matter of just recognition of a great body of soldiers that a representative from their number should be placed as the second name on the grand ticket. The grand Army of the Republic had enrolled more than 750,000 men who lately wore the blue. In presenting a name from their ranks, the speaker would mention a man fitted in every way for first place; a man who would add strength to the ticket and justify the highest expectations of the party. That man was Gen. J. A. Logan. [Loud, long and renewed applause.] The speaker didn't propose him on behalf of Illinois, or of any other State, but of the whole United States. He belonged no more to Illinois than to Kansas, where 75,000 soldiers would receive the news of his nomination with shouts of gladness. The speaker was commissioned by the State of Kansas to make this nomination. [Applause.]

Judge Houck, of Tennessee, in seconding the nomination, said that while the Convention had not given its first choice, it had done well, and the speaker proceeded to pay a tribute to the "Plumed Knight" of Maine.

Thurston, of Nebraska, also seconded the nomination. He wanted the Republican party to write upon its banner the invincible legend, "Blaine and Logan." [Applause and cries of "time."]

Lee, of Pennsylvania, in further seconding the nomination, said the Convention had chosen as a candidate for President a native of Pennsylvania, whose fame had grown too great for his native State and become commensurate with the greatness of the Nation.

Congressman Hear, of Michigan, (from the head of his delegation) further seconded the nomination, saying that, in nominating John A. Logan, the Convention would light the soldiers' camp fires from end to end of the country.

Lynch, (colored,) of North Carolina, in seconding the nomination, said that with Blaine and Logan his State could be carried for the party by 5,000.

After further nominations from Georgia and Kentucky, a motion was made to suspend the rules and make the nomination of Logan by acclamation. It was put and the ayes were voted for, but as a two-thirds vote was necessary, the Chair ordered the roll called in order to ascertain the number. At the request of a delegate who said there were others who wished to speak for Gen. Logan, the motion to suspend the rules was withdrawn.

Brody, of Kentucky, eulogized the statesmanship and soldierly qualities of the man whose name had been before the Convention, and predicted that if he were nominated for second place, he would sweep the country.

Lee, of South Carolina, said: "The States of the South sent the first colored colonel soldiers to fight for the Union, and their hearts would rejoice at his nomination."

Tennessee delegate, interrupting, "In the name of three-fourths of a million of soldiers who died nobly at home during the war, I nominate Black Jack Logan."

Several other nominating speeches were made.

O'Hara, of North Carolina: "I suggest that we proceed to nominate Gen. Logan, and allow the other ladies wanted to have the privilege of printing their speeches." [Laughter.]

Gen. Robinson, of Ohio, seconded the nomination on behalf of his State, and moved to suspend the rules and make the nomination by acclamation. The question being put to vote it was declared carried. Great confusion followed.

The Kansas banner was brought out again, with the portrait of Logan added to that of Blaine. When quiet was restored Congressman Davis, of Illinois, demanded the call of the roll on the nomination, and the motion being seconded, it was so ordered.

When New York was reached, Geo. Wm. Curtis announced his delegation not quite ready, and asked that time be given to make the count. The request was so ordered, and the roll proceeded to.

A Virginia delegate said that in the absence of Gen. Mahone he would undertake to speak for Virginia. He could not, like many who had preceded him, appeal in behalf of Union soldiers for Logan's nomination, but he would speak for 30,000 Confederate soldiers, of whom he was one, who would rally to the support of Blaine and Logan.

A laugh was raised when the District of Columbia was reached, and its two delegates rose in turn and voted for Logan, this being the first time since the opening of the Convention in which they voted on the same side of any question before the house.

The roll being completed, New York was again called, and Mr. Curtis announced the vote of that State as one vote for Foraker, of Ohio; six votes for Gresham, of Indiana, and 60 votes for Logan. The vote was unanimous with the exception of these three votes from New York.

Sankey Prostrated.

NEW YORK, June 4.—A World cable from London, says Mr. Dwight L. Moody, the Evangelist, announced from his revival services in the Tabernacles in Edinburgh that the health of his colleague, Mr. Ira D. Sankey, had collapsed. He added that Mr. Sankey's complete restoration to health was deemed absolutely improbably, and that his voice, which had so often led thousands of assembled worshipers in the songs of Zion, would probably never be heard again in their services. The preacher said that the singer's present prostration was so complete that he had been compelled to retire from the work of evangelization, and would sail for his home in the United States next Saturday.

Advance in Freight Rates.

NEW YORK, June 5.—Commissioner Fink announces that at a meeting of the Standing Committee it was agreed an advance in tariff would be made as soon as pools are perfected and all questions relating to the maintenance of rates are settled, which is expected will be done at a meeting already called.

THE NOMINEES.

AUGUSTA, Me., June 6.—All afternoon people were congregated in the vicinity of the Western Union Telegraph office, awaiting the doings of the Convention. The crowds grew denser as the news of successive ballots was received. When the final returns came one grand hurrah burst forth from the great throng, and the acclamations which arose found one prolonged echo from one end of Water street to the other. Hats were thrown wildly in the air, and with joyous countenances the crowd exchanged heartfelt congratulations. Men became wild, and almost frenzied. They wrestled with each other; they laughed and shouted for joy. In less than five minutes after the news came a mammoth flag was swung to the breeze.

To night the City is not less excited than in the afternoon. When the 8 o'clock train arrived it was the signal for renewed cheering. One hundred Gardiner citizens came up, and a large party of Hallowell. A procession was immediately formed on Commercial street and moved down State street to Blaine's residence. Houses and streets along the route were illuminated. In front of his residence the procession halted. "Three cheers for the next President of the United States," shouted the spokesman of the party. A storm of cheers followed in response.

Blaine appeared at the doorway and surveyed the assembled multitude for a moment. All demonstration was quickly hushed and he spoke as follows:

"My friends and my neighbors, I thank you most sincerely for the honor of this call. There is no spot in the world where good news comes to me so gratefully as here at my own home, among people with whom I have been on terms of friendship and intimacy for more than 30 years—people whom I know, and who know me. Thanking you again for the heartiness of the compliment, I bid you good night."

Blaine received the news of the balloting this afternoon while seated upon his lawn with the members of his family, laughing, and commenting upon the reports as they came in rapid succession. Blaine gave no sign he was especially concerned in the proceedings at Chicago. He was calm and cheerful, apparently content to abide by the result, whatever it might be. A dispatch from Wm. Walter Phelps was received after the third ballot, which foreshadowed what the end would be. The group under the apple-tree began to increase by the addition of friends and neighbors. Soon came a dispatch announcing the end of the Convention, followed by roar of whistles and clang of bells and shouting of happy crowds; but still no change was perceptible in Blaine's appearance as he received the congratulations of those around him. Telegrams came rushing in on Blaine almost literally by the armfuls; hundreds of dispatches followed from all parts of the country, from every State in the Union.

Mr. Blaine sent the following dispatch to Sen. Logan: "I am proud and honored by being associated with you in the National campaign.

"JAMES G. BLAINE."

Among those sending congratulatory dispatches are Henry L. Dawes, Ben Harrison, Murat Halstead, ex-Gov. Cornell, F. Carroll Brewster, Ellis H. Roberts and Edwin Cowles, editor Cleveland Herald.

A special train of 15 cars from Portland, Lewiston and other Cities reached the City in the evening, and a few minutes later the special Bangor and Way train arrived, with 13 cars and upwards of 1,000 people. The visitors marched to the residence of Blaine, who received them and addressed them as follows: "Gentlemen: I am sure I must regard this as a compliment totally unprecedented in the history of politics in Maine. I do not dare to take the compliment all to myself. I receive it with earnestness with which you are prepared to enter the pending National campaign, and I have the pleasure to announce to you from a dispatch I have just received that I have myself to be associated on the Republican ticket with that brave and honorable soldier, that eminent Senator and true man, John A. Logan, of Illinois." [Tremendous applause and cheers.] "Three times three for Logan," cried a voice; "you can't beat that team."

"I am sure, gentlemen," continued Blaine, "I can add nothing by a speech to that fact, and you would hardly expect me to do more on this occasion than to express to you the very deep obligations I feel under for the extraordinary compliment you have paid me in coming from your homes in distant parts of the State, on the announcement of the action of the National Convention. I wish my house was large enough to contain you all, as my heart is. [Voices, "good," and cheers.] I am very sorry that the elements are not as auspicious as they might have been for your visit."

[A voice, "We have been waiting for this shower eight years."]

"And the way you stand it is good proof, I am sure, that you are not fair weather soldiers, but are as ready to come out in a storm as in sunshine. Your energy and earnestness of this evening give good augury of your successful work in the canvass in which you will so soon enter."

WASHINGTON, June 7.—Gen Logan was at his home with a few friends when the news of his nomination reached him, simultaneously with a call from nearly 1,000 people, in a body from the City to appear and make the steps in front of his house, and thanking them for the kindly greeting, said he was not prepared to make a speech, and bade them good night, returning to the parlor. The mansion and doors being thrown open, the crowds pressed in, forming in line, and filed past, shaking the hands of both the General and his wife.

WASHINGTON, June 6.—Pres. Arthur received the decisive news from Chicago with great composure. Sec. Lincoln and Sec. Chandler, Postmaster General Gresham and Sen. Don Cameron, who has been a guest of the White House for several days, where with him when the foreshadowing bulletins arrived, and without waiting for a complete fulfillment, he invited the company to pr ceed with him to luncheon. Shortly afterward, Pres. Arthur responded to a card that was sent to the Associated Press, who found him not only cheerful but apparently in the best of spirits. He remarked that the news from the Convention had not taken him by surprise, disappointment in politics being of such common occurrence and so readily discounted. He also pleasantly referred to the general law of compensation, and stated that he himself prized the numerous compensations that might be mentioned in the present case. As to his position in the canvass, he said it was sincerely outlined in the telegram which he sent to Mr. Blaine, immediately upon receipt of the announcement of the Convention, Saturday.

Sen. Logan, in answer to a request for an expression of opinion regarding the nomination, said he could not express his sentiments better than by showing what he had already written. He thereupon showed a copy of dispatches sent by him to-day. The first was to the Illinois delegation, while the third ballot was being counted. The second dispatch was as follows:

"Hon. J. G. Blaine:

"I most heartily congratulate you on your nomination. You will be elected.

"Your friend, JOHN A. LOGAN."

Sen. Hawley, while the ballots were being received, sat in his Committee room. When the votes of Indiana and Illinois assured the nomination of Blaine, he said: "I am as happy as any man can be. My State remained with me. The nomination was evident during the third ballot. While that was being taken I wrote a message, intending to send it to Blaine, suggesting that Miller, of California, be given second place. He is an old soldier, but I thought the California Legislature might not elect a Republican in Miller's place and concluded not to send the message. I think we shall elect the Republican ticket. The campaign will be fierce and red-hot."

Sen. Edmunds spent a part of the day and part of the afternoon, after the adjournment of the Senate, at his Committee room. He was found at home early in the evening, and said, in reply to a request for opinions regarding the nomination of Blaine: "It ought to be the most popular thing going. All the great Central States and pretty nearly the majority of New York on the latter votes, wherein the flag of war has to come, are enthusiastic for him. As a test of what the Republican party wants, the States that have got Republican votes to give, it surely furnishes a very strong reason for a nope of the success of the party. He certainly was a great deal stronger than anybody else in all of the States that are doubtful."

Sen. Sherman, who was stepping into his carriage for an evening drive said: "You can say, if you choose, that I shall support the ticket heartily. I am a Republican and shall support the nominees of the party, of course."

Sec. Lincoln said he could not at once get over the failure of the President to receive the nomination which he (Lincoln) thought Mr. Arthur had earned, if such a thing could be said of any one; but the party had expressed its choice, and in urging Blaine and Logan had made a strong ticket. The platform was also strong. All Republicans will unite heartily to win the customary victory in November.

Postmaster Gen. Gresham said of the work of the Convention that it was well done; that a strong ticket had been nominated, and would be satisfactory to all Republicans, for the choice of which all Republicans would work with a will.

RICHMOND, Va., June 6.—When the result of the fourth ballot came the jubilation over Blaine's nomination was wonderful—not so much that Blaine was the choice of the Convention, but that Arthur was beaten and Mahone crushed.

INDIANAPOLIS, June 6.—An interviewer was sent to Harrison: He said he was pleased with the decision and considered Blaine had great elements of strength; that he is strong with the Irish and will carry the Pacific Coast and New York and Indiana. The scandalous stories against him are not believed. His own State approved him, and Garfield gave him his confidence in the most conspicuous manner possible.

His foreign policy was approved by everyone, conceding that we ought to come in closer relations with the States of South America and have some of that great trade which England now enjoys. It is nonsense to think that he would involve us in war, and the business of the country has nothing to fear from him. He is sound on all economic questions. Sen. Harrison also warmly approved the choice of Gen. Logan for the Vice Presidency.

NEW YORK, June 6.—The news of the nomination of Blaine for President spread with remarkable rapidity. Groups of people have been watching the bulletin boards during the afternoon, but as it became evident that a result must be arrived at before adjournment, the numbers increased. The announcement of Blaine's nomination was received with cheers. There was a momentary disappointment on the part of the partisans of the other candidates, but that quickly passed away and there was made manifest every indication that the Republicans of this City will fall into solid line at once for Blaine.

The crowds, which rapidly increased in numbers, surrounded the newspaper bulletin boards. The space in front of the Tribune building, on Printing House square, was thronged. People were clinging to the statue of Ben. Franklin and taking advantage of every point from which bulletins could be read. There was unusual enthusiasm and repeated cheering.

BOSTON, June 6.—At 4 this afternoon a special wire was started from Boston to Augusta, to accommodate private messages to Mr. Blaine. At 4:45 P. M. the wire was choked with business, and at this hour, 6 P. M., messages are still coming from all parts of the Union, congratulating Blaine on the nomination.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., June 6.—Blaine's nomination was received here by a salute of guns and large impromptu meeting in the Court House square. Speeches, music, fireworks and enthusiasm were indulged in.

COLDSPRING, N. Y., June 6.—There was great enthusiasm here over the nomination of James G. Blaine. A large meeting in the town hall was addressed by Judge Wood, and a salute of 100 guns fired.

AGUSTA, Me., June 6.—The news of Blaine's nomination was received with the wildest enthusiasm. Cannon was fired, and a flag, on which is inscribed, "Our next President, James G. Blaine," was unfurled. This was greeted with loud shouts, as was also the portrait of Blaine, exhibited on the street. Men were perfectly wild, cheering and throwing up their hats.

The City bells are ringing and everybody, Republicans and Democrats, is wild with enthusasm.

The Chronicle says: "The merciless cartoons did Blaine no harm. They may have helped to nominate him, though."

Congratulatory telegrams continued to reach Mr. Blaine during Friday night and Saturday. Over a thousand telegrams were received within three hours after the nomination, many from Europe, among the most prominent being the ones from Minister Morton, at Paris, and Col. John Hay and Clarence King, in London. The following was also received:

"CLEVELAND, June 8.

"Hon. James G. Blaine, Augusta:

"Our household joins in one great thanksgiving. From the quiet of our home, we send the most earnest wish that, through the turbulent months to follow, and in the day of victory, you may be kept and kept.

LUCRETIA GARFIELD."

A cordial dispatch was also received from the Garfield boys, students at Williams College. The following dispatches were also received: Ben. Harrison sends a dispatch promising the electoral vote of Indiana, James Longstreet sends the congratulations of the Whig Republicans of Georgia.

PORTLAND, Me., June 6.—There is great enthusiasm here. Special trains from all quarters carry the enthusiasts to Augusta to-night to congratulate Blaine.

WORCESTER, June 6.—The announcement of Blaine's nomination was received with cheers and firing of cannon.

DAYTON, June 6.—Five minutes after the news of Blaine's nomination was received here the Republicans were wild with enthusiasm. Cannon were fired, banners displayed, and every demonstration made.

ERIE, June 6.—One hundred guns were fired in honor of Blaine's nomination. Wild enthusiasm prevailed.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 6.—The City has gone mad over Blaine's nomination; business is suspended and processions with bands of music are parading the streets with banners flying inscribed "Blaine and Victory;" whistles are blowing and cannons booming.

CHICAGO, June 6.—To-night there were a number of bonfires and a display of fireworks. Large crowds were on the streets in the down town streets, watching bulletins and viewing the pyrotechnics. There were also a number of hastily improvised torchlight companies parading the streets with music, all of which served as a reminder that another National political campaign is on.

UTICA, June 6.—This city, the home of Roscoe Conkling, fired 100 guns in honor of the nomination of Blaine.

ALBION DEPOT, N. Y., June 6.—The nomination of Blaine and Logan was received with wild enthusiasm by the masses.

TROY, June 6.—The nomination of Blaine was received here with great glee. The large Irish population were particularly pleased.

INDIANAPOLIS, June 6.—The Chicago nominations were received with general satisfaction. Interviews with prominent Republicans resulted in the expression of the opinion that the ticket will hold the full strength of the party in Indiana.

The Indianapolis Journal will say that while Blaine was not the Journal's first choice, it accepts his leadership without hesitation and without fear of results." As we have often said, the party is greater than any man and the voiced wisdom of its Convention is better than individual judgment. There can be no bitterness of the result in any quarter. The Republican party is not made up of children, but of strong, stalwart, sensible men and the verdict of the National Convention will be accepted with true loyalty to the party whose success is greatly more to be desired than the advancement of any person."

ALBANY, June 6.—The Journal says: "Blaine's nomination makes the Republican party invincible in an exponent of progressive ideas, and its courageous action will be worthily led by the man whom it has honored with its approval this day.

Gen. Hancock and the "Local Issue."

WASHINGTON, June 9.—Hancock has given notice that he is not dead, and that if an old ticket is to be adopted by the Democratic Convention he wants to be considered a candidate. Like Tilden, Hancock kicks against the man who ran on the ticket with him. He thinks it was English who defeated the ticket. The Hancock boom has been kept very quiet but is now to be worked for all it is worth. Hancock may not know it, but he stands a poor chance of being selected at Chicago if the opinions of Democratic Congressmen here are to be depended upon. These Democrats say that Hancock's idea that the tariff is a local question shows that he, like other Pennsylvanians, was for the present tariff laws to remain in force. It is to combat the idea of this kind, they say, that they are to hold their convention and to show that the tariff is the great national issue of the day, and about the only one that the political parties of the present are divided upon. Bayard's friends think that Bayard stands a better chance of nomination than ever before. Morrison, if he will accept the second place, or McDonald, are spoken of as good company for him. There are many Democrats who object to Bayard because he is a Royalist and has a coat-of-arms. Another thing against him is the unwritten law which has prevented any Senator from stepping from the Senate to the White House.

No English Landlordism in America.

CHICAGO, June 5.—The following cablegram was sent this afternoon to Hon. Charles Stewart Parnell, House of Commons, London:

At the request of the Irish National League Committee, the Republican National Convention pledges that party to legislation prohibiting foreign land ownership. The English curse of landlordism can not be transferred from Ireland to America.

ALEX SULLIVAN, Prest'
REV. C. O'REILLY, Treas., Irish National League of America.

Schedules in the insolvent assignment of Jas. D. Fish, ex-President of the Marine Bank, show liabilities of $4,820,281; nominal value of real and personal estate, $4,179,393; estimated actual value, $583,594.

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

DETROIT, June 3.—The woman Schuls, who was found with her throat cut, recovered consciousness this afternoon and talked considerably, but refused to make any statement concerning how she came into her present condition. It is learned that both herself and husband were previously married and each had children by their former marriage; and that the quarrels of the children made the house a good deal of a pandemonium. Within a few weeks, the woman gave birth to a child, and the weakness from that event and the domestic discord it thought may have led to an attempt, on her part, to commit suicide. Herself and husband had a lengthy private confereuce this afternoon at the hospital, of what nature is unknown. It is thought the woman may recover.

BETHLEHEM, June 4.—Nick Bright, a well-known character in this neighborhood, where for years he has traded horses, and acted much as such men, wherever they may be found, became insane and attacked his friend, a man named Williams. After a desperate struggle he struck him, chopping his head into mince meat with a hatchet which he had in his hand. After he saw what he had done he immediately added to the tragedy by shooting himself through the head.

ALLIANCE, O., June 6.—A man giving his name as George Smith stole a horse from F. Zerberger, one mile west of Alliance last night, and led him to the farm of A. D. Johnson, where he appropriated a set of harness and a buggy. He then drove to Nathan Johnson's and loaded up with hams from his smoke house. He did not go far until the horse took fright and ran off, breaking the buggy to pieces and scattering his cargo by the way. He then crawled across a clover field to the Ft. Wayne Railroad track, where he was found with a broken leg and arrested. He insists that he was struck by a train and wounded, but the evidence clearly proves that he is a liar and a thief.

VICKSBURG, June 9.—Information is received from Greenville of a most deplorable shooting affray there last night. Gadchaux, night clerk in Isberg's Hotel, had a difficulty with some one unknown. Judge Taylor Rucks interfered, and was instantly killed; Gadchaux was hit with five balls and mortally wounded. Rucks was one of the most prominent citizens, and only a few months ago was elected Mayor at the solicitation of both parties. He resigned about a month ago.

NEW YORK, June 7.—Gen. James Watson Webb, the veteran journalist, died at 4:30 p. m. to-day, aged 83 years. He was identified with many public and political enterprises during the last half of the century. He was United States Minister to Brazil from 1861 to 1865. Of late years he has taken but little part in public events beyond the contribution of an occasional article to the New York journals on some political subject. One of his sons, Gen. A. S. Webb, is President of the College of the City of New York.

NORTH VERNON, Ind., June 8.—Allen Butler, a colored man, was instantly killed last evening by the bursting of a cannon he was firing for the Republicans, who were preparing to hold a ratification meeting. His head was blown off. The ratification meeting has been postoned and a subscription started for the dead man's family.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., June 6.—Mrs. Long, of Darlington, Wis., who killed the son of a man named Whittemore, because the boy knew of criminal intimacy of herself and Whittemore, pleaded guilty this morning, and was sentenced to State prison for life. She had tried on several occasions to kill Whittemore's wife, in hopes she and Whittemore could live together. Whittemore is under arrest as accessory to the crime of killing his son.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 4.—Sheriffs Chandler, of Lyon, and Shoemaker, of Miami County, Kan., have arrived in the City in search of the Pleasanton murderer. A fifth body—that of a young girl—was found at Pleasanton yesterday. The murdered party have been indentified as the family of Jno. H. Anderson, an improvident farmer. It appears they had knowledge of some crime committed by Lewis Wampler, nephew of Anderson. Some days ago the two men left the house together, and Wampler returned alone, saying Anderson had sent for the family. They started in a wagon, and on the way, it is supposed, Wampler murdered the woman and the four children and fled. It is probable Anderson has also been put out of the way. Wampler was afterwards seen near Paola, riding the missing horse. It is believed he came to this City. There is great excitement at the scene of the crime.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 5.—A searching party yesterday discovered the remains of John Anderson, the sixth victim of the Pleasanton, Kan., murder, concealed in a deserted coal shaft on the Missouri side of the State line. He had been shot in the head and body, and thrown in a pit. Posses are scouring the country in search of Wampler, the supposed murderer, and as he was lately seen in the vicinity, his capture is probable. The County Commission ers offer $500 reward.

PHILADELPHIA, June 4.—The village of Hammonston, on the Camden and Atlantic Railway, New Jersey, was greatly excited to-day over the discovery of the bodies of 2 children, buried in a small patch of ground attached to the sanitarium called the Wivison Home, under the supervision of Miss S. S. Wivison, a middle aged woman.

The Coroner's jury found that the children died from natural causes, aggravated by neglect by Miss Wivison, improper sanitary arrangements and incompetency of nurses.

HELENA, Mont., June 10.—Sunday afternoon while the ferry-boat at Thompson's Falls was crossing, the cable broke and the boat went over the falls, 300 yards below. The boat had on 11 men bound for the Cœur d'Alene mines, and 13 pack horses, each carrying 300 pounds of supplies for Eagle City. The current was very swift and powerful. As soon as the cable broke all the passengers except two jumped overboard and struggled vainly to reach the shore, but were swept over the falls. The boat capsized after going over the brink and lodged against Belknap bridge, a short distance below, where the two passengers who still clung to it were rescued, and two men on shore took a skiff and tried to effect the rescue of those who jumped into the water, but were also swept over the falls. Of 13 men concerned 11 were lost. They were all strangers, going to the mines, and their names are not known. All the pack animals were drowned.

SPRINGFIELD, June 9.—This village has been visited by another disastrous flood, the second within 11 months. At noon today a moderate rain fell, but an hour later a storm of terrible force broke upon the village. A storm was also in progress about five miles north of town, and the high wind that came in a few minutes from south to north, and then back again, driving the two storms together. Rain fell as if a mighty river was falling from the heavens, and the hill north of Town that slopes west to Black river and east to the creek sent a torrent of water toward Town. Warning was at once given, but so rapidly did the water rise but few had time to save anything and were forced to flee for their lives. The channel of the creek soon became filled with wrecked stuff, which forced it in another direction. One stream plowed through the Springfield House; another through Hart & Dodge's livery stable, and another through Ellison Bro's. stage barn. Individual losses and damage to the highway, at least $50,000. In some places the highways and gullies were 25 feet deep, and some houses in the village have four feet of mud in them. Just across Cheshire bridge a barn was blown down, killing Wm. Parker and family and injuring a woman named Belle Spaulding. The storm raged over three hours.

EDMORE, June 9.—Saturday night Ed. Hawley, of this place, whipped his eight-months old child so hard as to leave several bruises on its body, and to prevent its crying from being hurt he almost smothered it by holding its face in a pillow. The child was found almost dead from his brutal treatment. The brute was arrested on complaint, but last night a mob took him from jail, gave him a coat of tar and feathers and a good horse-whipping. Quite a number of citizens were there who did not take part, but all seemed to think that he got no more than he deserved.

DULUTH, June 9.—Saturday forenoon the wife of a farmer named Eniska, living near Shermantown, went to a neighbor's for milk. Not returning, search was made and continued till two o'clock this afternoon, when the woman's body was found, most horribly mutilated. She had been outraged, then shot twice in the head, thrown across a log, her bowels cut open, portions of the flesh cut off and thrown aside, and other nameless atrocities committed upon the inanimate remains of the unfortunate woman. Her shoes and milk pail were found near the camp fire of some tramps who it is believed committed the fiendish deed. The community is thoroughly aroused.

PITTSBURG, June 9.—A frightful accident happened near Leetsburg, Pa., on the Cleveland & Pittsburg Railroad, about brif-past 6 this morning, by which two persons were instantly killed and another received fatal injuries. A party of five strolling Italians were tramping toward this City on the railroad tracks, when a freight train came along, and on stepping off to avoid it, three of them were struck by the Cleveland express, coming from the opposite direction. The express was running at a high rate of speed, and the victims were hurled 20 feet in the air. Dominc Capre, aged 40, lodged in the cross-arms of a telegraph pole, and when taken down life was extinct. His son Joseph, aged 15, had his skull crushed and back broken. Brown had both legs broken, and is injured internally. Physicians entertain no hopes of his recovery. The other Italian escaped uninjured.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., June 9.—Jacob Myers, a well-to-do young farmer, was fatally shot by John Sommers, another farmer, at the instigation of Myers' wife. Myers and his wife were separated owing to the woman's infidelity, she being criminally intimate with Sommers. When she left her husband she took her two children with her, a baby and a boy two years old. Myers managed to steal the boy and refused to give him up. Mrs. Myers called Sommers to her aid and proceeding to Myers' house demanded the child. He refused to surrender it and she called on Sommers to shoot him. Myers received two fatal wounds. He fell, and Mrs. Myers, with her paramour, fled, leaving the child with its father's body.

Minor Mention.

In Arkansas City, ex-Sheriff Bankston, tried in Memphis recently for bigamy and discharged, had an affray with a lawyer named Coats, and shot Coats dead. Bankston was mortally wounded.

On a farm near Aurora, Ill., M. O. Fletcher killed Otto Hope and mortally wounded one of his employes. The tragedy arose from a dispute about pasturing cows on the roadway.

Michael Devy, aged 42, killed himself at Scranton, Pa. He was formerly a dry goods man in San Francisco. He left a note saying he could not stand the disgrace of being a poor man.

Edward Fegan, for a number of years connected with the reportorial and editorial staff of the St. Louis Republican, suicided by taking "Rough on Rats." Deceased had been drinking heavily of late, and was recovering from a spree. He leaves a wife and two children.

Edward Eli, colored, was hanged at Clinton, La., for shooting Eliza Bethgeorge and Annie Barber, colored, 18th of December last.

James Coward, the last victim of the pistol practice of Bogan Cash in South Carolina, died Wednesday after suffering greatly for three months.

A dispatch from Bregaux states that at the launching of the lake steamer "Mopsberg," on Lake Constance, a temporary wooden structure filled with spectators gave way. Forty ladies were precipitated into the lake. All, however, were rescued without any serious result.

A reward of $1,000 is offered by the people of Richland Township, Kansas, for the conviction of a miscreant who has killed two shepherd dogs and attempted to poison 125 cattle belonging to James Caton, besides throwing strychnine in his well.

A land slide at a deep cut on the South Pennsylvania Railroad, near Sheepskin Hollow, killed two Italians and seriously injured four others.

During a storm at Louisville, lightning struck Owen and John Farley, Pat Ryan, and John Blumfield. All were seriously injured. John Farley and Ryan are not expected to live.

G. D. Brooks, a Texas farmer, accused of stealing a horse, resisted arrest by a squad of State rangers, and was shot and killed. Brooks opened fire first, and one of the rangers quickly responded.

Chancellor Runyon has issed an order to the Newark, N. J., savings institution managers, directing them to show cause why they should not be punished for contempt in loaning banks' funds contrary to the Chancellor's orders.

Muna Seely, book-keeper of the Swift Refrigerator Company, at Wheeling, W. Va., started to see a man about a receipt which was questioned, and has not since been heard from. The amount of his shortage has not yet been ascertained.

Michael Grosick, five years old, and his sister, 13 years old, discovered an old emigrant trunk in the garret of a house where they were playing, in Milwaukee, and turned it into a house, getting inside in sport and shutting the lid, which had a spring lock. When the parents found them the boy was dead, but the girl's life was saved.

Bourbon Senators on Blaine's Nomination.

WASHINGTON, June 9.—Sen. Lamar said he thought the nomination of Blaine a brilliant one, a very strong nomination in many respects, and in one or two particulars the strongest that the Republicans could have made. "Blaine," he said, "has a large and enthusiastic following, which will make the canvass one of animation and interest involving issues of moment of importance. In order to beat him we shall, on our side, need to bring out our best man."

"Whom do you think, Senator, the Democrats should nominate against him?"

"Well," said Sen. Lamar, "I am very confident that the most available man the Democratic party can nominate is Mr. Bayard."

Sen. Brown thought Mr. Blaine about as strong a man as the Republicans could nominate. "At any rate," said Sen. Brown, "He is probably the ablest man of his party."

Sen. George said that if the Republicans were to elect a President this time, which he hoped and believed they would not, he preferred Mr. Blaine to all other candidates who had been named. Mr. Blaine, he said, was undoubtedly a man of great ability. "I think," continued Sen. George, "that there is something good likely to come to this country from more energetic assertion of the Monroe doctrine."

"Whom do you regard the most desirable candidate for the Democrats to put up against Blaine?"

Sen. George replied: "If Mr. Tilden's health permits and he is willing to accept the nomination, I have no doubt he is much the stronger man, but if he is not well enough or is determined not to take the nomination, Mr. Bayard is the best man." Mr. Bayard being at his home in Delaware could not be seen.

National Educational Association.

MADISON, Wis., June 9.—A meeting of the Committee of the National Educational Association, which convens here from July 10 to 18, was held at the Capitol to-day, Hon. Thomas A. Bicknell, President; Gov. J. L. Rusk, ex-Gov. Lucius Fairchild, and others being present. Reports of the Committee on Arrangement show the City can accommodate some 5,000 people; one-half that number of teachers having already registered. E. E. Corrigan, of Boston, was appointed General Manager of the Press Department of the Association.

The following letter was to-day addressed to Hon. James G. Blaine, Gen. Benj. F. Butler and Sen. H. W. Blair: "In view of your distinguished services as statesmen and your great interest in the educational concerns of the country, it gives us great measure to extend to you a most cordial invitation to attend the session of the National Educational Association. This meeting promises to be the largest educational gathering ever held in America, and will gather leaders and representatives of the best educational thought of the country, and its influence will be widespread in stimulating and controlling the sentiment of the Nation. The discussion of National aid to education and kindred topics, will occupy a portion of this meeting, and it will give educators and the people an opportunity to learn the views of our eminent statesmen on these important subjects."

A communication from the Committee of Arrangements, urging the acceptance of the above, concluded as follows: "You may be assured of a hearty welcome on the part of the people of the city.

"LUCIUS FAIRCHILD,
"Chairman of the Committee."

A congratulatory telegram from Pres. Bicknell was sent Hon. J. G. Blaine in behalf of the Association, relative to general education and Federal aid to common schools.

Atlantic and Pacific Canal.

WASHINGTON, June 9.—It has been reported for several weeks that Secretary Frelinghuysen had under consideration a policy of acquiring certain concessions from Nicaragua for the construction of a navigable water-way across that country from ocean to ocean, and that the matter had been the subject of a discussion between himself and the President and other members of the Cabinet. It is understood that the subject has recently taken definite form, and the Secretary, requiring a sum of money estimated at $300,000 for the purpose of carrying his views into effect, recently communicated with the committee of the Senate on the subject. The matter was under consideration by the Senate in secret session to-day, but no conclusion was reached.

Heavy Raine in Texas.

GALVESTON, June 4.—Specials from over the State indicate another extraordinary damaging rain-storm from all parts the past 24 hours. It is still raining. The belt covers most portions of the State, and is nearly the same area of country previously flooded twice this season.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

CANADA.

In the Manitoba Legislature a resolution rejecting the Federal Government terms of settlement passed its third readings Norguay introduced a bill providing for direct taxation, in order to raise revenue for provincial purposes. The bill passed its first and second readings. At 5 o'clock the Governor entered the House and prorogued the Legislature. It is probable an appeal to the country will be made immediately that the Government may be strengthened for submission to the Imperial Government.——The residence of Alexander Carroll, 20 miles from Ottawa, was burned by lightning. Four children perished.——Calista Reil, aged 19; Joseph Costermer, aged 15, and Octave Shupe, aged 18, of Sherbrook, Ont., were drowned while bathing.

TORONTO, June 10.—The Presbyterian General Assembly passed a motion relative to the marriage of the deceased wife's sister, virtually censuring Rev. John Gallagher, of Kingston, who recently married a couple of that relation.

CHINA.

The Ambassadorship to France has been cancelled. The conclusion of the treat with France is condemned Preparations for defence continue.

SPAIN.

The ministers have decided, in council, that seven of the 15 members of the Black Hand Anarchist Society condemned to death shall be executed at Jerez. The others will suffer life-long servitude.

EGYPT.

It is rumored the Mahdi has gone to Khartoum. His surrender is shortly expected.

ENGLAND.

The London Times says: "Blaine's nomination will be received with satisfaction. Not only has he been the most popular candidate, but the most conspicuous. He is a respected politician in the ranks of the Republican party, which has done itself honor by nominating so well known and distinguished a man.——The Grand Lodge of Masons adopted a resolution, introduced by the Earl of Carnarvon, expressing regret at the recent anti-Masonic encyclical letter of the Pope. The resolution affirms that the law, practice and traditions of the Masonic order and the position of its rulers prove the Pope's charges utterly unfounded.——Oscar Wilde, who was married last Tuesday to Miss Constance Lloyd, has written a silly and thoroughly characteristic letter to a friend, in which he says he has not been disappointed in married life. He feels confident of his ability to s